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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 315
EDITORIALS:
Stalled at the Crossroads 318
More Power to You! 319
Our Jolly Fat Men 319
Emma Goldman 320
ISSUES AND MEN. LOS ANGELES KALEIDOSCOPE. By Oswald Garrison Villard 321
THE CONSUMER VS. THE NRA. II. THROTTLEBOTTOM AND THE INFUSORIA. By James Rorty 322
EUROPE MOVES TOWARD WAR. II. GERMANY'S DREAMS OF EXPANSION. By Johannes Steel 324
NEW MEDICINE FOR THE SICK INDIAN. By Maria L. Rogers and Edward J. Fitzgerald 326
THE SLAUGHTER IN AUSTRIA. By John Gunther 328
WASHINGTON SIDE SHOWS. By Paul Y. Anderson 330
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 331
CORRESPONDENCE 332
THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELER. WHAT WILL A DOLLAR BUY? By John Rothschild 333
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 334
BOOKS, DRAMA, FILMS:
Death's-Head. By Dwight Durling 335
In Praise of Chaucer. By George P. Krapp 335
Rebel America. By Miriam Allen deFord 336
Explaining Money. By Frank D. Graham 338
Objectivist Verse. By Eda Lou Walton 339
Notes on Fiction 340
Drama: Chronicle Play. By Joseph Wood Krutch 340
Films: "Death Takes a Holiday." By William Troy 342

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"WE LEARN from history," said Hegel, "that we learn nothing from history." This truth has probably never been so well expressed as in the Roosevelt naval policy. The Administration has now succeeded in putting through both houses of Congress a naval-preparedness program which, next to that laid down in 1916, when the whole Western world was ablaze, is the costliest and most elaborate in the country's peace-time history. The principal argument advanced in behalf of the program was the familiar one that only by being strongly armed can we command the respect of other nations and so insure peace. Yet history shows not a single case in which military preparedness has prevented war. A few of the more forthright supporters of the Vinson bill admitted that this might be so, but contended that if war came, a powerful navy would save us from a humiliating defeat that would otherwise certainly befall us. This contention is based on the theory that if a nation can only assemble enough of the implements of war, such preparation, while it may not insure peace, will at least bring victory in case of hostilities. That this argument can be advanced less than two decades after a great war ending in the crushing defeat of a country which only a few years before was beyond any question the strongest and most thoroughly equipped military power on earth is amazing. But if the President and the admirals and their enthusiastic supporters in Congress can learn nothing from history, they might at least take heed of the significant but inevitable reaction which the passage of the Vinson bill has had in other capitals.

IT CAN HARDLY be considered accidental or a mere coincidence that on the very day that the Senate was approving the Roosevelt-Vinson-Standley program the British, French, and Italians announced plans for important additions to their own fleet. Indeed, the Japanese, who delayed their announcement a day or two, frankly said that they would build still more warships as an answer to the Vinson bill. Though Japanese naval-construction plans already call for extra tonnage in excess of the ratio established in the Washington and London treaties, Admiral Mineo Osumi, the Minister of the Navy, declared that because of the developments in Washington these plans would have to be still further expanded. The Roosevelt program has aroused Japanese liberal opinion to active realization of the foolhardiness of a naval race with America, but since the Japanese admirals, far from being deflected from their course, seem only the more strongly determined to carry out their plans, it should be clear that as a threat the Roosevelt program is doomed to failure. It is possible that the Administration may merely be bluffing with a view to putting the United States into a position to drive a sharp bargain at the 1936 naval conference. The other maritime Powers, however, seem disposed to call that bluff before the conference is held; they are building and planning to build steel not paper ships. The British Admiralty intends to begin work this year on four new cruisers, nine destroyers, an aircraft carrier, and ten other vessels. The French have got their mammoth cruiser, the 26,000-ton Dunkerque, almost completed, and will soon start construction of a sister ship. It cannot be expected that the Roosevelt Administration will wait very long before answering this challenge by translating its paper program into tangible and murderous men-of-war.

DURING THE DEBATE on the Vinson bill Senator Borah quoted freely from an article appearing in the magazine *Fortune,* which described the many nefarious and complex activities of the armament manufacturers here and in Europe. Having reviewed these activities, he declared:

> . . . the thought of making profits out of war, of building fortunes out of the misery and the sorrows of the maimed, the broken in health, and the insane, is revolting enough to anyone who has left in him a spark of human sympathy or a sense of decency. But to foment discord and to spread false and sordid statements, to engender bitterness and suspicion and hate and fear among nations, all that such profits may be made and enlarged, reaches the dead level of human depravity. There is nothing lower in the scale of human avarice.

Not in recent years, and perhaps never in its history, has Congress heard anyone, even the munitions makers, criticized in such terms. Nor has an attack upon an industry ever been more justified. But Senator Borah might as well have been

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talking into the wind. He proposed that the munitions industry be nationalized, for he knew of no other way to restrain or control it; and by inference he asked the Senate to support the Nye resolution calling for an investigation of the industry. His words were wasted on a body of men who, by confession of one of their number, have sufficient courage for almost anything, but not enough courage to stand up against the munitions lobby. No other industry has our Senate so thoroughly subjugated as this one which makes profits out of murder.

AN EVEN BOLDER defiance of the NRA than that of the Weirton Steel Company has made Edward G. Budd of Philadelphia the spearhead of industry's anti-union drive. Where Weir refused to allow a poll in regard to unions to take place under NRA auspices, Budd went a step farther and forced an election on his own terms. It resulted in a victory for company unionism by a vote of 3,152 to 1,995; but 800 striking employees who walked out last November in the fight for a union of their own and have since been replaced by more "loyal" men were informed that they would not be permitted to vote. This circumstance led General Johnson to order the election postponed for ten days, but Budd paid no attention. CWA workers who had been assigned to supervise the balloting were turned away and three firms of accountants, hired by Budd, took things over. When the first shift appeared (the plant is working twenty-four hours daily), printed slips pointing out the advantages of the company union were distributed at the time clocks, and a short while later, on company time, the poll was begun. Six hundred employees refused to vote because the election was so obviously unfair. If the 800 strikers had been granted franchise, the adherents of the United Automobile Workers' Union would have won. The Budd case is too important to labor to be dallied over for weeks and months, and although union leaders cheerfully claim a "moral triumph," it is apparent that another Pyrrhic victory like this and they are lost.

NO MORE EGREGIOUS folly has been perpetrated under the NRA than the plan of William H. Davis, director of the National Compliance Board, to settle the controversy by giving in to Budd at every vital point. On March 5 it was announced that Budd had finally agreed to the recommendations of the board and would permit it to conduct an election among the employees of his plant on March 9. On the very next day, however, the cat was out of the bag. Not only would Mr. Davis not insist that the Budd company reinstate—prior to the vote— the 800 former strikers who for the last few months have been the victims of a blacklist lockout, but he would not even allow them to participate in the election! At the same time he ruled that the 800 strike-breakers who had replaced them should be eligible to participate. It has been intimated in defense of the director of the Compliance Board that his hands were tied because Budd had agreed to allow the stage-play of an election—after which he would, if business picked up, reinstate the strikers—if Mr. Davis would rule that the striking workmen were not eligible to vote. If true, this explanation is an exposé of sinister underhand transactions. It may be that out of a naive innocence Mr. Davis was unsuspectingly led into a trap. If this be so, a gentleman of such trusting faith should not be at the head of an agency whose job is to impose decent conduct on the hard-boiled sophisticates of big business. The lamb may some day lie down with the lion; but in the United States of 1934 no lamb should be intrusted with the task of reforming the lion's carnivorous habits.

THE SECOND SPANISH REPUBLIC seems to be collapsing on the eve of its third anniversary in much the same way that the first republic disappeared after less than a year of life. When proclaimed, both republics were supported almost exclusively from below, by the working masses and by small sectors of students and intellectuals. Both governments, unable or unwilling to go as far in land and church reform as was demanded from below, checked popular enthusiasm first by slow legal processes and then by armed suppression of impatient riots and revolts. Because there is no strong middle class in Spain, there is now no middle ground for Spanish government. Realizing this, the right-wing republicans now heading the Cabinet are merely sparring for time, while the right builds up some kind of an armed force with which to oppose the rebellious workers. The army, it is openly recognized, cannot be relied upon to fight on the government side of the barricades, and there are not enough police to handle the national uprising which may break out almost any day. Gil Robles, the Jesuit leader of the landlords' party, is jockeying for a position in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Interior, as this would give him control of the police and allow him to build up armed fascism under government cover, following the Italian and German patterns. The Catholic and landowners' program in Spain is Catholic fascism, but though they have plenty of money, they lack the mass base upon which fascism was able to step to power elsewhere and they are faced by an almost completely united front such as German and Italian workers were unable to form. The prospect in Spain, therefore, is prolonged, violent civil war, and the outcome is by no means as easy to forecast as it was in Germany or Austria.

MUSSOLINI waited five years before abolishing the free trade unions, and even now the Italian unions have not been completely "coordinated." Hitler put off this task, so necessary to the security of a fascist dictatorship, for almost a year. The Austrian Heimwehr, which for the moment is the real power behind the Dollfuss Government, lost no time at all. In less than a fortnight after its tactical victory in the civil war it had worked out a plan for substituting a single fascist union for the liberal trade unions. Known Socialist leaders or agitators are to be barred from this new organization, but all other workers are to be "enrolled," presumably by government decree. The members are, as in Germany, to be stripped of all rights and privileges. They will have no voice in the administration of the new union. Their officers are to be chosen for them by the Ministry of Social Welfare, the head of which is, of course, one of the outstanding leaders of the Heimwehr. Thus the Austrian workers, most of whom are or were Social Democrats, are to be compelled to submit to the discipline of an alliance of peasants and former aristocrats, bitter enemies of the working class. Only the weakness of the Heimwehr seems to hold any hope for the Austrian workers, but even this hope is none too encouraging, for if Starhemberg and his peasants are driven out, probably the Nazis will take their place.

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THE CAPTURE of the London County Council by a majority of fourteen seats is the latest triumph of the Labor Party over the Conservatives. Thus Labor continues its steady progress toward control of the country, and Mr. MacDonald's National Government appears to be attacked by the anemia from which governments always die. It is perhaps the Prime Minister's chief tragedy that when his power finally goes, there will be so few to mourn for him. The new London administration, under the guidance of Herbert Morrison, leader of the London Labor Party, promises to regenerate "the civic life of the metropolis" and to build "a worthier and nobler city." The plans for regeneration include slum clearance, the construction of 100,000 new houses, a complete reorganization of hospital service, the building of new schools, and so on. One may, of course, welcome these beautiful schemes with a certain amount of reserve; other labor parties have promised as much and done less. But whatever the future holds for London, the temper of the British metropolitan public is shown by the election results. Since November the by-elections in the country at large have shown vastly decreasing numbers of supporters for the Conservatives. Other local elections this month have resulted in marked Labor gains. For twenty-seven years the Labor Party has tried to take the London County Council away from the Municipal Reform or Conservative Party. At the last election the latter held a majority of forty-two. A gain of fifty-six seats for Labor, even though it be in a local election, helps to spell the handwriting on the wall for the present British government.

CERTAIN MAGAZINES have been ordered off New York City newsstands by Paul Moss, Commissioner of Licenses. Mr. Moss's order raises two interesting points, one old, the other if not new at least not recently raised. The latter is whether or not the Commissioner of Licenses has any powers except to issue licenses, has any powers, that is, over the matter which is displayed or sold on newsstands duly permitted by the city. As a private citizen invoking the laws against obscenity, Mr. Moss might properly complain against printed matter which he thought violative of the law; as a city official, his powers to suppress may well be questioned and have in fact been challenged by William K. Friedman, attorney for the publishers of several of the magazines in question. The other point at issue is one of censorship in general. When a number of respectable persons will declare that a censored book or periodical is a "work of art," plenty of other persons, including in these late days certain judges of our higher courts, can be found who will firmly assert the right of the offending matter to public distribution and sale. Thus Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses" has passed the censor safely, and Mr. Caldwell's "God's Little Acre" has had its day in and happily out of court. But in the case of the magazines which Mr. Moss has ordered away from the public eye, no one would deny that they are cheap, vulgar, and in some cases frankly salacious. *The Nation,* nevertheless, is opposed to prohibition of their free public sale on two grounds: (1) that no evidence has ever been adduced to show that any person was ever corrupted by a book or picture or periodical, even where there was intent to corrupt; and (2) that no person has clearly demonstrated his authority to determine the corruptibility and hence to censor the reading matter of his fellows. In short, that portion of the public which likes to see pictures of undressed young ladies ought to be permitted to indulge its taste to exactly the same degree as those persons who like to read 40,000 words thought by Mrs. Leopold Bloom.

TWO HUMBLE MEN in Massachusetts were arrested and tried for committing murder during a hold-up in a town near Boston. Despite the fact that the two men maintained their innocence throughout the trial, several witnesses identified them as two of the bandits who had perpetrated the crime. As the case neared what seemed its inevitable conclusion, a double execution, there appeared an individual who said that he was a member of a gang which had committed not only the crime of which the two humble men were accused but several other and even worse crimes. Fortunately, the tale we are relating has a happier ending than the Sacco-Vanzetti case to which it is a somewhat close and harrowing parallel. The two humble men—they are taxi-drivers—have been released as innocent. Abraham Faber, a twenty-four-year-old graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and his two gangster friends, Murton and Irving Millen, have been arrested. Meanwhile *seven of the eight witnesses* who identified the taxi-drivers as criminals have picked Faber out of a line-up at the Dedham jail as one of the bandits, and a majority of them have identified the Millen brothers from photographs. When will Massachusetts devise a method of dealing out justice which is less precarious to fish peddlers and taxi-drivers?

THE FIRST WOMAN to be Assistant County Prosecutor of Ohio, the first woman to sit in a court of general jurisdiction (the Ohio Court of Common Pleas), the first woman to preside as judge in a court of last resort (the Supreme Court of Ohio), Florence Allen continues her record breaking by being the first woman appointed to a Federal Circuit Court of Appeals. Not as a woman but as a jurist, Judge Allen has for many years commanded the respect of her fellow-citizens in Ohio, her fellow-lawyers, and her co-jurists. Mr. Roosevelt, in appointing her to a court of federal jurisdiction, has recognized her merit and at the same time continued his own unique record of choosing women for important public offices. Judge William B. Stephenson, one of the six judges on the Ohio Supreme Court bench, is quoted as saying: "No court is too big for Judge Allen to sit in." Her own recipe for a woman to succeed as a lawyer is persistence, industry—no parties or social life that interfere with work to be done—tact, and common sense. Judge Stephenson adds that as far as he has been able to discover, she has no prejudices. It is worth noting that these qualities, admirable as they are for a woman, are equally necessary and admirable for a man who hopes to be a successful judge—but a woman needs them more. For Miss Perkins as a Cabinet member and Judge Allen as a federal judge are only exceptions to the general rule that women are still discriminated against in the professions and in public life. It is still fair to say that the woman doctor has to wait longer, the woman lawyer to work harder, the woman politician to be more outstanding than the man who would achieve a correspondingly high place. The fight for women's rights was not won when women got the vote; we still need good heads and stout spirits of both sexes to make equality in the professions an accomplished fact.

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Stalled at the Crossroads

GENERAL JOHNSON'S field day for critics, the code hearings, and the submission of the Consumers' Advisory Board's analysis of the NRA "operation" constituted in effect a stock-taking of the enterprise of "planned recovery" upon which President Roosevelt launched the country not quite a year ago.

It should be observed that there is a distinction between planned recovery and "capitalist planning." The Administration has at no time committed itself to any fundamental recasting of the capitalist economy; in fact, it has from time to time, in order to keep major industrial and financial interests in line, felt obliged to repudiate such notions. Nevertheless, such reforms as the Securities Act and the Tugwell-Copeland food and drug bill have played an important role in the Administration program. It was impossible to keep reform out of the picture, or to evade the fact that no recovery program would be feasible unless it did embody reform. But how much reform, and of what nature?

The result of last week's stock-taking raises the question whether a planned recovery effort dominated by business interests does not multiply and intensify the contradictions of capitalism rather than resolve them. For the machinery improvised under the Recovery Act has done only one thing effectively: it has raised prices, or permitted manufacturers to raise prices. To balance this, it has tried and so far failed to bring about a proportionate increase of wages; it has tried, and failed, to protect labor's right to organize, which was thought to have been written into Section 7-a of the Recovery Act; it has tried, and failed, to reconcile the conflicting interests of bankers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers; of mortgage holders and mortgagees; of farmer, processor, and consumer. Under the preceding regime of business-as-usual, these conflicts were adjusted bloodily at the expense of the weaker party and with relatively little governmental intervention, until the crash. What the NRA did was to leave the capital structure, the profit motives, and the acquisitive psychology of business-as-usual all pretty much intact, to release the brake of the anti-trust laws, and then to give big business a fairly free hand in the administration of the code authorities.

It is apparent that business has made rather a mess of it. A series of what are in effect cartels have been set up and, as in Germany, the wage gains of labor have been wiped out by the prices labor has to pay for consumers' goods. The Consumers' Advisory Board warns that "retail prices have not yet fully reflected the price increases of the wholesale market, so that a considerable number of new price increases may be expected in the spring." It further warns that "unless the standards for wages and hours are decidedly changed, the increases of wages and employment required by the codes lie mostly in the past . . . since inventories have been fairly well built up, the growth of pay rolls is not likely to continue unless there is further growth of the final consuming market."

The picture is clear enough. It is that of a recovery machine stalled at the crossroads, with the terrifying locomotive of a buyers' strike whistling in the distance. The federal, State, and municipal buyers have already struck and struck hard. They are refusing to spend public money for building materials the prices of which have been jacked up from 40 to 250 per cent over the prices prevailing last May. And they are objecting to the price-fixing and open-price provisions of the codes, which make competitive bidding a joke. In this objection they are joined by chain-store, department-store, and mail-order buyers and by the ultimate consumer in so far as the latter's griefs have achieved organized expression. As pointed out by Mr. Rorty elsewhere in this issue, the failure to embody quality standards in the codes has been well-nigh complete. The consumer has been exploited and is being exploited just as effectively by substandard quality as by high prices.

With the machine stalled and disaster imminent, the President appealed to industry's representatives on the code authorities for a further reduction in hours of labor with a commensurate increase of wages. Four thousand of them, with one or two exceptions, answered that to reduce hours below forty would cause price increases that would be resisted by consumers. They further declared that they were already confronted by a shortage of skilled labor. The last point is probably true only in the sense that industry cannot get as much skilled labor as it wants at the wages it wishes to pay. But we have no means of knowing whether it is true or not, for the reason that the Research and Economic Planning Division, originally conceived of as the heart of the recovery program, has never functioned adequately. Without either sufficient funds or a sufficient qualified staff working under systematic direction, the division has been lost in the scramble; it has become what Louis Stark called it in the New York *Times*, "the stepchild of the NRA."

Maybe all this will be changed now that Leon Henderson has been appointed director of the Research and Economic Planning Division. Mr. Henderson, who was the director of the Remedial Loan Department of the Russell Sage Foundation, came to Washington in connection with the National Consumer Conference last December. On that occasion he talked back vigorously to General Johnson and the latter promptly appointed him one of his special assistants. In this capacity Henderson continued to talk back to the General and for the last two months has been one of the most effective critics of the NRA in Washington. His energy, courage, and competence are generally acknowledged. But he is taking over one of the most important jobs in the recovery administration and he is taking it over just about twelve months late.

Mr. Henderson has said that he intends to initiate man-hour productivity studies in relation to the codes, studies of the debt structure, studies of obsolescent and senescent industries. All these studies are certainly needed. But what will be done with the tables and graphs when they are done? If the findings indicate the need of radical revisions of the codes, will such revisions be made? And if the findings indicate the necessity of a far more radical transformation of the national economy than anything dreamed of in the philosophy of the New Deal—what then?

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More Power to You!

SOMETIMES it seems as if the executives of public-utility companies almost earned the bloated salaries and bonuses which they vote themselves. Not, to be sure, in service to the people, or even to their stockholders, but for the humiliation they must experience in having to syphon out to the public as propaganda such a gushing flood of bilgewater. There has been a procession of utility executives to Albany, New York, this winter to protest against a program laid before the legislature by Governor Lehman. The program consists of an excellent series of bills, many of which in one form or another have been asked in vain for several years of a corporation-controlled legislature. This year, because of slightly more freedom among the legislators, the utility program was introduced with greater hope of success, but the companies affected have crowded the Capitol with expensive lobbies (the cost will be assessed against the consumer in the bills he receives) bent on defeating the proposed laws.

One of the big guns of the utility opposition was Floyd L. Carlisle of the great Niagara-Hudson system and the Consolidated Gas Company, which control most of the lighting and power of New York State. His plea was directed chiefly against a bill making it possible for municipalities to buy electricity in bulk and sell it to domestic consumers, a necessity if the power companies are not to be allowed to hog all the benefits of the proposed power development—at public expense—on the St. Lawrence River. As ground for defeating the bill Mr. Carlisle urged that if the business of the existing profit-making companies were injured or destroyed, the citizens would lose large contributions in taxes, and have to make up the amount by higher payments out of their own pockets. The argument has a persuasive sound, but the obvious retort is that it is much better to levy taxes, and *get them in full,* than to pay unknown amounts in exorbitant gas and electric rates, receiving back a small proportion after the bulk has been detoured into dividends and fat pay checks for executives. It is significant that two of Mr. Carlisle's companies, the New York Edison and the Brooklyn Edison, paid their president, Matthew S. Sloan, bonuses of $70,000 and $60,000, respectively, in the depression year of 1932. In the same year the net earnings of the Brooklyn Edison were 7.48 per cent, of the United Electric Light and Gas 8.48 per cent, of the Staten Island Edison 9.81 per cent, of the Queensboro Gas and Electric 11.67 per cent, of the Bronx Gas and Electric 18.79 per cent. Even these high rates were based on excessive valuations.

In case also that anybody is disposed to take Mr. Carlisle seriously, attention is called to an article in *The Nation* of May 17, last, on Tax-free Cities. Louis Bartlett told there of eighty-four cities in various parts of the United States which pay all their municipal expenses out of the operation of public utilities and still keep the charges for these services reasonably low. Other cities levy some taxes but give residents the benefit of public operation in the form of exceedingly low charges for utilities. In California Mr. Bartlett made a study in 1932 which showed that twenty-one towns, although not making their electricity except in a few instances, bought it in bulk and sold it to consumers for less, with three exceptions, than the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. At the same time they made handsome profits. Pasadena netted 47 per cent and Los Angeles 28 per cent. Even after deducting 10½ per cent, which is the average which California electric companies pay out of their gross earnings as taxes, the twenty-one cities averaged more than 20 per cent in net profits.

To municipalities all over the country we say, More power to you—by your own operation!

Our Jolly Fat Men

THE most common point of attack on our industrial system has been the swollen profits of stockholders. In the old days of small and decentralized industry the largest stockholder in a company was likely to be the president and the active head of the business. If he got the biggest cut in the profits, it could well be argued that without his enterprise and executive ability there would have been no profits for anybody. With the concentration of industry into larger units that situation no longer prevailed. The owners of a great corporation might be thousands in number, scattered all over the country. Many of them had never seen one of the company's plants, quite possibly did not even know what business it was engaged in. Accordingly there arose much public complaint against the handing out of fat dividends to absentee owners, often ignoramus owners—people who had no connection whatever with the operation of the industry, who had contributed nothing at all to it but the money to buy some of its stock. But in circles where ownership was discredited and damned, management was still often held in high respect. It was felt that a man who had the capacity to manage a great industry deserved a good return; he had a better right to a large slice of the profits than the mere stockholder who had nothing to do with management at all.

When hard times came in 1930 it was not the executives who stood the loss. The lists of salaries and bonuses that have lately been running in the newspapers show considerable differences, but on the whole it may be said that the employees took the loss in 1930—they were laid off or their wages were cut; the stockholders took it in 1931, when dividends that had still been kept up in 1930 began to evaporate; the executives did not begin to make the supreme sacrifice till 1932. Some not even then.

It may be said, of course, that all these executives were stockholders too, and that when dividends were passed or reduced they suffered along with the rest. So they did, to that extent; but in general the executives of the companies reporting to the Federal Trade Commission seem to have taken care that they suffered last and suffered least. And the executives and directors had another method at hand by which they could cut any loss that they might suffer, or might foresee that they were going to suffer, by the passing of dividends. They could always unload their own stock, all but the minimum number of qualifying shares, when they knew in advance of the general public that the next quarterly report was going to make a bad showing in earnings. Then, when the quarterly report was out and the price of the stock had dropped accordingly, they could buy back, at a lower

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figure, the stock they had sold—if they wanted it. They could go farther than that; they could, and did, sell their own stock short.

What is the effect of all this? It is bad for capitalism as an institution—worse, perhaps, than anything else that has happened in the last four years. In 1928 and 1929 people used to tell us that capitalism was unshakable in this country because every man who had saved a few hundred dollars was buying stock with it; we were becoming a nation of capitalists. Grant that many small investors were mere gamblers who bought in the hope that they could sell at a profit, still there was a large and growing body of citizens who invested their savings in industry hoping for a return—real capitalists, not shoestring gamblers; the backbone of the private-ownership system and sentiment in America.

It looks now as if these serious capitalists—the wicked absentee owners of old tradition—were sucker investors just as much as the gamblers; it looks as if a man who buys stock in a company without knowing enough about its officers and directors to have personal confidence in their capacity and integrity—and what small investor can possibly know that much?—were as reckless a gambler as a man who bets money on a horse merely because he likes its name.

Men who are competent to manage a great corporation deserve a reward from society; under the system of private ownership they deserve a reward from their stockholders, the owners of the company, the men for whom they work. But under the rules of the capitalist game that reward ought to be adjusted by the balance between the supply of able executives and the demand for them; by consent of the stockholders, on the basis of a fair accounting of profit and loss. The practices now disclosed show that a good many of the executives of our big corporations have broken the rules of their own game, cheated their own stockholders, and done more than ten thousand radical agitators could ever do to destroy their own racket.

Emma Goldman

WAS there ever a period, even during times of religious persecution, when people were driven from their home countries in such uncountable hordes? Today the persecutions are political. Year by year the areas of political thought—as well as the areas of the world's surface—in which differences can be argued or settled by measures of persuasion and the preponderance of opinion grow narrower. Year by year the lines become sharper; the cleavages in interest become too deep to make it possible for opposing partisans to compromise their differences, and issues are finally met by resort to violence and the forcible suppression of opponents. This process is accelerating. Soon exiles from one tyrant will find no asylum in any other land; for the Mussolinis will not welcome refugees from the terror of the Hitlers.

Emma Goldman is a symbol of the world situation, and it is in this role, we believe, that she is being welcomed back to the United States for the brief visit permitted by the immigration authorities. Anyone attending the dinner in her honor held in New York soon after her arrival must have been struck first by the enthusiasm. The speeches greeting the exile and the mood of the audience were marked by an almost religious ardor. Equally striking were the size and nature of the gathering. Some five hundred more persons tried to attend the dinner than the hall could hold, and those who came were representative of a fairly definite group. It was a middle-aged, middle-class crowd. Emma Goldman is a pre-war revolutionist; but her present-day followers are pre-war liberals—moved by a fervor that is born of despair. For the Anarchist leader is a symbol of the ultimate social cleavage, of differences that cannot be bridged. She is a living and a very acid test of tolerance.

Capitalist America in war time could not stand her because she opposed the war and the draft; and the government resorted to mean and dishonest shifts to rid itself of the scourge of her honest and irrepressible tongue. Soviet Russia she could not stand; and it is probable that if she had not quit it when she did, the Bolsheviks would have found ways of eliminating her as they did so many of her comrades. For the repression in Russia looked no different to Emma Goldman—despite the fact that it was Communist repression—from the capitalist varieties she had run afoul of in the United States. It is not necessary to dissect the philosophy of anarchism to realize that it is wholly antipathetic to the central drive of modern society, whether in a communist or a capitalist state, the drive toward concentration of political and industrial control. Emma Goldman is a mental alien in both camps and a conscientious objector to the brutal warfare that is being waged in many lands to settle the argument between them. Thus she is welcomed as an ally, if rather an alarming one, in the decimated ranks of the liberals and the pacifists.

It is particularly significant that so few young people and so few workers appeared in the crowd that celebrated the exile's homecoming. This may be explained in several ways. The very young never knew Emma Goldman, and to them her heroism and her exploits are merely echoes of a not very recent past. As for the workers, too few have $1.50 to spend on a meal. But such facts only partly explain the absence of these elements. In the old days Emma Goldman represented the extreme left; if you were more red than a Socialist, you might become an Anarchist. Today the Anarchists are a scattered handful of survivors and the extreme left is divided among the various Communist groups. To them Emma Goldman is not a symbol of freedom in a world of tyrants; she is merely a wrong-headed old woman who doesn't know or won't admit the requirements of modern revolutionary practice and the realities of a modern mechanized society. Freedom? Repression? These are merely aspects of revolutionary technique, incidental to the main business of breaking down a capitalist, and building a socialist, state. So the younger radicals and the class-conscious workers do not turn out in numbers to greet Emma Goldman.

It is the middle-aged, middle-class liberals to whom she is a promise and a reminder. She tells them, and proves by her record, that freedom cannot be rolled under by the tanks and tractors of centralized power; she offers them courage to go on believing in principles that have lost their meaning on both fronts. Liberals and all other persons who hope that somehow the issue can still be joined and settled by reasonable means turn to this indomitable, stubborn warrior, who will certainly be the last human machine to be coordinated, controlled, regimented, or even socially planned.

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Issues and Men

Los Angeles Kaleidoscope

Los Angeles, March 7

IT is the same old Los Angeles, only more beautiful. It has grown enormously in the years since I was here. Its shops are very fine; its new boulevards magnificent; its skyscrapers, scattered through the city, stand by themselves like great and beautiful towers. The City Hall is worth coming miles to see. If the get-rich-quick era has left its marks on Los Angeles in various ways, it has done much to beautify it. There are 1,250,000 persons in the city alone, to say nothing of the huge population in the surrounding county of Los Angeles—a vast semi-urban population under a county government which seems to work rather well. The orange groves still reach right to the city limits; their charm and that of the hills and the mountains is often spoiled by the great gaunt framework of the oil wells. Still, this remains one of the loveliest spots in the world.

When one sees in the suburbs the innumerable home-like stucco or wooden bungalows, small and crowded but often attractive in their architecture and delightfully landscaped, with many flowers and shrubs, one learns to understand a good deal about this strange community. People live so comfortably and easily here that one can appreciate why Los Angeles has been and still is one of the most reactionary of cities. Even in these times there is a general air of well-being, however great the individual distress and insecurity within those little homes. Of course one sees in the fashionable suburbs huge houses and great displays of wealth and extravagance. But I am talking now of those less fashionable sections of Los Angeles and the adjacent towns where there seem to be almost no differences in the scale of living. The houses require very little heating and the cost of natural gas for cooking and heating is low. There is fruit in abundance, and if you have a lot somewhat larger than the ordinary you can raise many of your vegetables. The roads are superb; the ocean is near at hand; and if you have the means, you can find snow in the mountains for skiing. It may be a night's trip, but people take it for the change from the level plains and the orange groves. Why, then, should one care very much about such things as free speech, the rights of labor, the Constitution of the United States? The temptation is almost irresistible to sit back and let the Los Angeles *Times* and the Better America Federation take care of the reds and the trouble-makers.

Here as elsewhere the economic distress has had a double effect: it has strengthened the forces of reaction, but it has also opened the eyes of many to conditions which they would otherwise never have seen or sympathized with. Los Angeles itself has suffered far more than San Francisco from unemployment and distress. Whether it is that or something else, it is undeniable that there is a stirring here. Platforms are open now to liberals who were barred from them before. I was gleefully told yesterday in one of the junior colleges that after years of effort *The Nation* and the *New Republic* are now placed in the reading-room. There is a great demand to hear facts, and a considerable percentage of the student bodies of the colleges and universities is taking a very keen interest in national and international affairs and is distinctly disquieted when it surveys the employment situation and sees its future so dark and uncertain. Of course there are many things on the other side; I have heard, for example, of one college teacher who was driven from his position because his liberalism was too "dangerous."

As for the city government, it has done fairly well financially and has heavily cut its budget. A councilor assures me that it is taking good care of the destitute, that it has cut down the rush to Los Angeles of undesired unemployed from 1,500 to 300 a day. Of these, many are boys who have beat their way out on freight trains and are in danger of becoming hopeless tramps or criminals. They are arrested as soon as they arrive, taken to jail, given baths, and shoved on as rapidly as possible. If they come in automobiles and are without means, they are given one meal and enough gasoline to take them to the next town. One hears the usual tales of business stagnation, of innumerable foreclosures, and of great empty subdivisions sadly awaiting that rush of population which seemed so certain when they were first staked out.

The most curious thing about it all is the slowness with which the knowledge that we are in a grave revolution has permeated the community. Franklin Roosevelt is as popular here as elsewhere, but relatively few persons have yet grasped what it is that the President is doing and how far-reaching may be the effect upon our national life and development. Here, too, the big business interests are showing more and more hostility to him and are refusing to live up to the codes which they have signed. The government has not got the oil situation well in hand, and the question of enforcement of the code is beginning to be an extremely pressing one. The Los Angeles *Times* pounds away at the President and his policy almost every day, and Hearst attacks are increasing in number—we shall soon love Franklin Roosevelt for the enemies he has made. But the mass of the people, here as elsewhere, is quiet, patient, and resigned. It is content to let the revolution take place in Washington, if it can only get its daily bread. It does not care what Governor Rolph says or does, or what the political development may be, if it can only earn enough to buy food. There is a distinct interest in the gubernatorial candidacy of Upton Sinclair, which has gone so well that the big newspapers are beginning to take notice of it and of the crowds at his meetings; yet no one who is following the campaign carefully believes that Sinclair will get the Democratic nomination. Strange as it may seem, the people have not yet suffered enough to insure a radical overturn. But Los Angeles is quite ready for a benevolent dictatorship if only that will produce prosperity again.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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The Consumer vs. the NRA
II. Throttlebottom and the Infusoria

By JAMES RORTY

Washington, March 8

SPEAKING as one Throttlebottom to another, the Throttlebottoms, that is to say, the ultimate consumers whom nobody knows, have certainly been getting a New Deal down in Washington. And unless, as a result of the code hearings, there is a sharp reversal of the past trend of the NRA there is an excellent chance that this New Deal will prove to be considerably worse than the Old Deal.

After tramping about in the slush last week, going from one ring of General Johnson's five-ring circus to another, and winding up at the final session of the hearings on the Copeland bill in the hot-box of the committee room of the Senate Commerce Committee, the writer reports that it isn't either the heat or the humidity. It's the infusoria—what General Johnson calls the chiselers. The first time I encountered the word was in Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." You will perhaps remember that Dr. Stockman, the hero of this play, discovered that those innocent little creatures, the infusoria, had got into the springs that supplied the baths of the health resort of which the doctor was health officer. Consequently, the Norwegian Throttlebottoms who came there for their health were being carried away feet first in coffins. Dr. Stockman didn't think that was right, but his brother, Peter Stockman, who owned the baths, thought it was O.K. as long as the Throttlebottoms kept coming in as well as passing out. At any rate you recognize, I trust, the plot and the cast of characters. It is a very old play which the infusoria have copyrighted in all languages including the Scandinavian, but not including the Russian.

A word about these infusoria, their nature and destiny. They are practically brainless and hence without moral characteristics. They are not merely without scruple, they have no idea of the nature of scruple. Moreover, they have no understanding of the relation of cause and effect. You'd think that when they were writing provisions into the codes raising the cost of building materials from 40 to 250 per cent they might have expected that the promising bulge of building operations would promptly subside as these amazing codes went into effect. Not at all. They were no end surprised, and yelled with pain.

Apparently the most one can say for these infusoria is that their tropismatic reactions are excellent. They can smell profits at any distance, and their instantaneous swarming to the weakened points of the body politic is astonishing to watch. I watched it pretty consistently for five days at the Copeland-bill hearings. Not being a typical infusorian, my tropismatic reactions are imperfect, so it took me a little while to get the point. Yet it's really very simple.

Prices, wages, and standards are theoretically and practically the central points of control of what General Johnson calls the NRA operation. The job is to raise wages and employment, keep prices from rising disastrously, and establish standards of quality, without which prices mean nothing. With this in mind, the concentrated attack by the infusoria on the standards provision of the Tugwell bill becomes understandable in terms of the naively suicidal infusorial economics. When the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA and the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA urge manufacturers and food processors to include standards in the agreements and codes, they are met by the assertion that standards are a matter for legislative action and will be determined by the form in which the Copeland bill passes or doesn't pass. Then Charles Wesley Dunn, the same lawyer who represents the canners at the AAA agreement hearings, reappears at the Copeland-bill hearings to fight the standards clause, and other clauses. Here are the results to date as told last Wednesday by Robert Brady of the Consumers' Advisory Board to the American Society for Testing Materials.

Of the first 220 codes, which cover the most important American industries, only about 70 contain clauses having anything to do with standards, grading, or labeling. Most of these clauses are absolutely worthless from the point of view of consuming interests. In some cases they are so vague that they permit anything and condone everything. In some cases they are positively vicious in that they may be used covertly for price-fixing purposes and even practically to compel the lowering of quality. In four cases, for example, the code authority is instructed to declare that the giving of guaranties beyond a certain point is an unfair trade practice, whereas most of the industries affected have long been accustomed to give and live up to guaranties far beyond these points. At General Johnson's field day Irving C. Fox of the National Retail Dry Goods Association revealed that within a week or two after the codes went into effect, with provisions prohibiting returns after five days, the quality of merchandise became much lower than prior to the adoption of these provisions. This was so apparent in many industries that retailers could detect the inferior merchandise in one day and send it back to the manufacturer.

Now do you understand what I mean by the instant tropismatic reactions of the infusoria? The code administrators were slower, but recently they have got on and are not permitting this five-day return-limit provision. However, it is still in effect in many industries, and moreover it is strictly enforced, with curious results. A retailer received a shipment of fifty dozen black gloves. He sold three dozen Saturday and by Wednesday the three dozen were back because the gloves had turned green when wet. The retailer shipped them back, but the manufacturer said his code would not permit him to accept return. Another retailer received and sold a shipment of dresses. Every dress came back within a week because of defects in manufacture, but since the return limit had expired, the dealer was stuck. The dealer then refused to pay the manufacturer, but as he was promptly blacklisted, he soon sent in his check and pocketed his loss.

So much for that return-time-limit provision designed to prevent chiselers like you and me from taking advantage of the infusorial generosity of the manufacturer. Now let's

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have a look at the question of standards, which is most edifyingly exhibited in the performance of the canners.

Edward B. Cosgrove, president of the Minnesota Valley Canning Company, is answering a plea for grading made by the Consumers' Council at the corn-canning hearing on February 16:

"It would cost us millions of dollars. It would cost us the life of the industry. It would cost us the life of our own firm, which is worth possibly four and one-half million dollars today, so I am considerably concerned about it. It is just another noble experiment that has not a Chinaman's chance at success."

But wait, Mr. Cosgrove. Your firm maintains a plant in Canada, does it not? And there has been government grading of food in Canada for fifteen years. Is it just your infusorial impetuousness that has led you into Canada, or is it true that American canners have little difficulty in meeting Canadian grading requirements? You are not deliberately losing money in Canada are you?

If space permitted, it would be interesting to follow the contortions of the infusorial logic in this field. In brief, the facts would appear to be as follows:

1. Satisfactory grading of peas, corn, and other agricultural products not only is strictly feasible, but is now being practiced in the dealings of canner with wholesaler and of wholesaler with retailer—right up the point of sale to the consumer. There it stops. F. A. Stare of the Columbia Foods Corporation testified that "there are clearly defined methods of determining grades as between buyer and seller in a wholesale way." In fact, money is lent to canners on the basis of grades, and the larger lending companies are stipulating, before they lend, that the certificates of grades issued by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics must be attached to the warehouse receipts.

2. The attempt to institute grading is opposed by the large canners and the wholesalers, who are defending the vested interest built up by the advertising of their private brands. Neither these brands nor the premium prices at which they sell are reliable indices of quality, as has been repeatedly proved by Consumers' Research. It is also proved every time the Food and Drug Administration seizes a shipment labeled "choice" or "fancy," when it should have been labeled "standard." The opposition to grading centers in the four or five largest canning companies, which control the national conventions and the administrative machinery of the National Canners' Association.

3. Grading is also opposed by the advertising business, a-billion-and-a-half-dollar industry which includes the total apparatus of daily and periodical publishing, plus the advertising agencies, plus the commercial broadcasters, plus the poster, car-card, direct-by-mail, and other miscellaneous advertising and allied interests. It was these interests, mobilized by C. C. Parlin, research director of the Curtis Publishing Company, which succeeded in emasculating both the advertising and the standards clauses of the Tugwell bill. In this enterprise Mr. Parlin was greatly helped by *Printers' Ink* and by Charles Wesley Dunn, counsel for the Associated Grocery Manufacturers and for many individual food manufacturers. Mr. Dunn appears alternately at the code hearings and at the Copeland-bill hearings and always with a single thought—to translate into persuasive legal-homiletic language the simple tropismatic reactions of the infusoria.

4. The rank and file of the canners, who constitute about 80 per cent of the industry, would in many cases like to go along with the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA and the Consumers' Advisory Board of the NRA in their efforts to write consumer grades into the codes. Mostly they don't dare. Many of them are practically peons of the can manufacturers, particularly Continental Can and American Can, to whom they are heavily in debt. At this point appears a neat little infusorial joke on the farmers. Between the time the farmer turns in his produce to the canner and the time, from three to ten months later, when he gets paid, it rather frequently happens that the canner goes bankrupt. In such cases, because of the quicker tropismatic reactions of the can manufacturers, it rather frequently happens that the can-maker gets paid but the pea-grower doesn't.

5. The argument of the big canners and wholesalers, which is echoed by the infusorial advertising interest, is that you can't grade flavor, and that government-promulgated and inspected grades would result in leveling down quality to the top government grade as a minimum. Both arguments are bunk. Flavor in canned peas, corn, and the like doesn't need to be measured, for the simple reason that flavor is a function of other measurable factors, such as size and tenderness of the vegetable or fruit, quality of the liquor, and so on. And as for leveling down, what is to prevent a manufacturer or wholesaler from advertising his head off to the effect that his brand is better than the government Grade A? What, indeed, except the Copeland bill, especially if it proves possible to pass it with the "ambiguity and inference" language reinserted in the advertising clause? I am here to tell you that if the clause goes back in, it will be over the dead bodies of the countless infusoria that infested the Copeland-bill hearings.

Again, the small canners, constituting the majority of the industry, would be the natural allies of the consumer in this fight if they dared to be. They sell their products, all carefully graded, to the wholesalers, who put their own private labels on them and advertise them. With government grading the government would be in effect taking over the advertising job for them, doing it honestly for a change, and making it possible for them in many cases to sell reliable graded products directly to large retail outlets.

It's an interesting story. Why haven't you been reading it in the public prints, especially the women's magazines? Bless you, Mrs. Throttlebottom, you can't even find it in the *Consumers' Guide,* published by the Consumers' Counsel of the AAA. Did you know, incidentally, that at her February 26 press conference Mrs. Roosevelt voiced the following sentiments? "I think all goods sold to the public should be labeled as to their grade and quality. Without this the consumer cannot know what he is buying. This is the only way the consumer can intelligently have a hold on the market. I mean authentic government grades and standards." I am reliably informed that the reporters present thought this was news, but that their editors were of the opinion that, news or not news, it wasn't fit to print. In this connection it is worth noting that the Consumers' Counsel has now been reduced from a division to a section within the Division of Information and Records; it is headed by Alfred A. Stedman, who as a publicity man can scarcely be surprised at the difficulty of getting consumer education into magazines supported by advertising.

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And labor! Do working men eat canned peas or don't they? Wouldn't they like to know what they are buying? Then how does it happen that Chester W. Wright, editor of the International Labor News Service, the A. F. of L. news service, is also one of the Washington correspondents of *Printers' Ink,* and has published signed attacks on the Tugwell bill in that magazine? And is it true, as the reporter for the International Labor News Service told the writer, who sat next him at the last hearing on the Copeland bill, that aside from an early statement by Dr. Campbell, this A. F. of L. news service has sent out practically nothing on the Copeland bill?

Really, *Printers' Ink,* which is now supporting the Copeland bill, ought to tell Mr. Wright that the muffler is off the labor press. Especially if *Printers' Ink,* which gallantly printed excerpts from the testimony of both Arthur Kallett and the writer at the hearings, is going to keep up with its lively competitor, *Advertising and Selling.* The latter journal actually paid the Arnold Research Service to do a study of how the consumer would react to grading. The findings, printed in the last issue of *Advertising and Selling* and introduced by the writer into the record of the Copeland-bill hearings, showed that if there were government grading, at least 70 per cent of the women questioned would promptly take advantage of it. As a former advertising copy writer I scarcely know what to make of that, unless it is that the decenter ad men are getting fed up with the rawer aspects of the racket. In terms of strict infusorial logic it just couldn't have happened. Yet it did.

One other quite stunning thing happened at the last session of the Copeland-bill hearings. Walter G. Campbell, standing with infusoria to the left of him and infusoria to the right of him, conducted so able a defense of the bill that it seems likely that it will be passed in its present form. That isn't much, but it is something. Next week the writer will try to indicate how much and how little it amounts to; also what consumers are doing and can do to prosecute the fight for standards.

Europe Moves Toward War
II. Germany's Dreams of Expansion

By JOHANNES STEEL

THE Nazi drive to coordinate Austria with Germany is not an end in itself. It is but an initial step in the realization of Nazi dreams of a self-contained Third Reich stretching from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Mussolini, however much he may dislike the idea of an aggressive Germany with a population of seventy-two million people as a neighbor of Italy, cannot prevent it. He has played his cards badly and lost much prestige. In the early days of the Hitler dictatorship, Göring, Goebbels, and others among Hitler's collaborators made several trips to Rome with the double purpose of obtaining advice on matters of government and of using the good offices of Mussolini to placate world opinion, which was shocked and bewildered at the development in Germany. Mussolini hoped that in return he might succeed in diverting Nazi foreign policy into channels which were less dangerous to Italy. In this he has failed completely, and it is not likely that Italian troops will march into Austria when its coordination with Germany takes place. First of all, Mussolini will have to consider the Austro-German minority in the Southern Tyrol comprising 250,000 people who will soon become articulate in any case. Italy's efforts are now diverted to the formation of an Italo-Austro-Hungarian bloc, with an eventual restoration of the Hapsburgs and the creation of an economic union in view. Since the realization of such a plan would drive an effective wedge into the French system of alliances, it will encounter the immediate hostility of France and her satellites, of Jugoslavia in particular.

The Nazi dreams of German expansion are based upon economic theories which have been evolved solely to suit these ambitions. They imply a practical application of Spenglerian ideas to everyday politics. Nazi economists contend that there is no such thing as economic evolution, but that there exist, parallel to each other, a number of self-contained and self-sufficient economic entities or units which will never evolve into bigger units or lose their individual existence. It is then argued that every nation in order to exist must necessarily extend the orbit of its political influence to include the area of the corresponding economic unit. It is contended that Germany is the natural nucleus of an economic unit which extends from the Baltic states to the Alps and over Austria deep into the agricultural countries of the Balkan region. This is the only economic unit which in the opinion of the Nazis—and this again is typically Spenglerian—will be able to withstand the economic avalanche of the underselling East.

Here we have the economic justification of Hitler's Third Empire. The Nazis believe that the creation of this Third Empire would make Germany economically self-sufficient and independent to such an extent that she could easily afford to forsake her colonial aspirations. These theories complement Hitler's racial, mystical, and *Kulturgemeinschaft* appeal.

Thus it becomes clear that the coordination of Austria is but a single point in the Nazi program, and while Italy and France are crying over spilled milk the Nazis are actively going ahead with the execution of their expansionist plans. These plans are not new: Nazi foreign policy as a whole is based upon the plans of Alfred Rosenberg, now the head of the Nazi Foreign Office. As far back as 1926 Rosenberg, through his secretary Dr. George Bell, a Scotchman naturalized in Germany, established contact with Sir Henri Deterding, the British oil magnate. He informed Sir Henri of the foreign political program which the National Socialists intended to pursue when they achieved power. It was suggested that a Polish-German understanding in regard to the Corridor would be possible under Hitler if Poland would give Germany a free hand in the Baltic. In return, Germany

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would actively support any Polish attempt to regain the Ukraine, which had belonged to Poland in the days of the old kingdom. Sir Henri, as well as the directors of the Lena Goldfields, who for a long time had been advocating foreign action against the U. S. S. R., saw great possibilities in this plan and from that day on Deterding supplied the Nazis with money. This money was transmitted by Dr. Bell, who was murdered by storm troopers in March, 1933, when he tried to sever his connections with the Nazis. In order to explain the necessity for this murder, Alfred Rosenberg, then official plenipotentiary of Hitler, arrived in London on May 5, 1933. He was accompanied by Count Bismarck instead of by Bell, who had been with him on his previous visits. Before calling on the German Ambassador, Dr. Rosenberg went to Buckhurst Park, Ascot, the home of Sir Henri Deterding. Only after two days of consultation with Deterding did Rosenberg request the German Embassy at London to arrange an interview for him with the British Foreign Office.

Further episodes in the growing friendship between the Nazi Foreign Office and Deterding cannot be described within the limits of this article. Two important results of this friendship, however, were the expulsion from Germany of the Derop, the Russian competitor of Deterding's Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, and the signing on January 26 of this year of the Polish-German amity agreement. This agreement was accompanied by an arrangement regarding joint propaganda which was first made public on February 28. It provides for a propaganda alliance for the purpose of cooperation on all questions which concern the formation of public opinion at home and abroad. Very soon a ministry for propaganda with functions similar to those of Dr. Goebbels's department in Germany will be created in Poland. The two ministries will conduct their united propaganda "for Ukrainian independence" from London, where they will be assisted by the Society of Ukrainian Patriots. The quarterly English publication of this society is financed by Deterding, who is, of course, interested in the mineral wealth of that part of Soviet Russia. In this connection it is interesting to note that at the dinner given by the German Embassy on the occasion of the visit to London in December, 1933, of Herr Schmitt, German Minister of Economics, both Sir Henri Deterding and Tschenkelli, chief of the "Georgian Patriots," were present.

It seems that Poland has indeed given Germany a free hand in the Baltic, for Nazi propagandists and agents provocateurs are working day and night in Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia. In the second week of last December, for example, the Esthonian police arrested Herr von Mühlen, charging him with being the organizer and head of the Nazi espionage service in the Baltic states. He was also commander of 2,000 armed storm troopers whom he had recruited from the German-speaking population in those countries and secretly organized. Nazi cells have been formed everywhere in these three Baltic states; there are both open and secret Nazi offices at Reval, Riga, Kovno, Vilna, Libau, and Memel. The authorities may arrest some of the leaders and organizers, but with almost a million German-speaking people in the Baltic states, Nazi propaganda, assisted by powerful German radio stations which send out almost nothing but propaganda speeches, is bound to make headway. The Nazis hope, and not without reason, that this propaganda, in conjunction with the ever-increasing outside pressure, will eventually lead if not to actual coordination at least to a coordination of aims. In this connection it is worth mentioning that in December last, after having had a conference in Berlin with representatives of the Polish and German General Staffs, two Japanese staff officers toured the Baltic states and paid a special visit to the new airplane factory at Riga. The meeting of the representatives of the three general staffs at Berlin is of particular interest in the light of Polish-German ambitions in the Ukraine. It would be embarrassing for the Soviet Union if a Japanese attack in the Far East were accompanied by unrest in the Ukraine.

The ramifications of Nazi propaganda are very wide; at this moment a closely knit network of spies and agents provocateurs covers the whole of Europe. These activities are particularly apparent in North Schleswig, which was annexed by Prussia after the war of 1864 and restored to Denmark after the World War as the result of a popular plebiscite. In the last ten years the Danish government has invested more than fifty million kroner in the economic rehabilitation of this territory. For the past five years Nazi agitation has been continuous on both sides of the border of Schleswig-Holstein, and during the last months of the past year the Danish Government discovered that the whole of South Jutland was covered with a spy organization which enabled the Nazis among many other things to listen in on every government telephone conversation. In November, 1933, a motion was moved and seconded in the Danish Parliament, though not ultimately passed, to the effect that the parliamentary immunity of Pastor Schmidt, leader of the Danish Nazis, be waived and the pastor put on trial for conspiracy against the government. In the following month the Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian premiers held a conference and reached an agreement on joint measures to be taken in case of a German invasion of Denmark.

Similar developments can be observed in all corners of Europe. A few weeks ago the Dutch government was puzzled by the great number of Germans who had come to Holland, apparently with large sums of money, and set themselves up as garage keepers. The secret service investigated and found that these establishments were Nazi propaganda cells and organization centers. Garages had been selected for this purpose because they offered an easy means of keeping a watch on the German refugees who were pouring into Holland as well as of distributing propaganda leaflets among road travelers. In addition to these tactics, continuous propaganda is kept up on the borders of Holland, the Saar, Luxembourg, Flemish Belgium, Eupen-et-Malmédy, and Switzerland, in order that Nazi ideas may filter into these countries. Active financial support is given by the Ministry of Propaganda to Nazi parties founded inside these countries.

This concerted drive on the part of the Nazis is naturally used as a justification for French insistence upon security. Also France itself will soon be affected by this propaganda, for it is certain that when the plebiscite is held next year, the Saar will vote by an overwhelming majority for a return to Germany. Those who do not wish to vote for Hitler will do so out of fear. The pressure of Nazi propaganda in the Saar is so strong that Hitler's principles of racial and political discrimination are already being absorbed by the population and are finding expression in social and economic boycotts. Incidentally this will soon mean another emigra-

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tion of thousands of liberals, Socialists, intellectuals, and Jews. France is not so much concerned with the fact that the Saar will be restored to Germany as with the question, what price will be paid for the Saar mines. These mines were taken as reparations and when the Saar is returned to Germany they will be useless to their French owners because the Saar valley will naturally lose its customs union with France. The haggling over the price of these mines is certain to result in illuminating incidents and to shed light on existing Franco-German industrial connections. For some eight years past the Comité des Forges has worked in close cooperation with the German steel trust. The German capitalist Rechberg, who is a partner in the German steel trust, has large investments in the Saar, and even the German Vice-Chancellor, von Papen, who is married to a French countess, has the better part of his holdings in France and the Saar.

The Comité des Forges and the French armament industry always actively fought the policies of Briand, who worked for a rapprochement with the Germany of Stresemann, and those of Laval and others who believed that a reconciliation with the Germany of Brüning was possible. Yet these same interests have experienced no difficulty in cooperating with a man like Rechberg, who was instrumental in helping Hitler to power. Thus while many decent Frenchmen are seriously worried over the danger of German aggression, an important section of French capitalism is cooperating with German capitalism. The French steel trust sees in the rise of Hitlerism in Germany a good excuse for increasing the armament budget and instigating chauvinistic propaganda but no impediment to harmonious relations with the German steel trust. How complete this harmony is may be gathered from the fact that last December the representatives of the German and French armament industries met at Geneva and concluded an agreement for the Far Eastern arms market.

New Medicine for the Sick Indian

By MARIA L. ROGERS and EDWARD J. FITZGERALD

TODAY, after sixty-five years of unsuccessful effort to cure the illnesses of the Indian, a new medicine is to be tried. Instead of a policy designed to educate the Indian to be a good white man, a vigorous campaign will be undertaken to restore him to his status as a good Indian. It is a more practical as well as a more sensible idea. New legislation and sweeping revision of our old Indian policy will be necessary. Old ideas have been abandoned, and the new ideas evolved to replace them have been correlated into a comprehensive plan that takes into account all aspects of the Indian problem and applies one policy to them all.

John Collier, the present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has offered this comprehensive plan in the form of the Wheeler-Howard Indian Rights bill, now under consideration by the House Committee on Indian Affairs. The new governmental policy toward the Indian was approved at a conference held in Washington on January 7 by representatives of all the organizations which have been battling for reform in the administration of Indian affairs. These organizations include the American Indian Defense Association, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Indian Civil Rights Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union, the Indian Rights Association, the National Association of Indian Affairs, the National Council of American Indians, and the Ojisto Council.

A brief survey of the long history of governmental supervision of Indian affairs and a consideration of the present Indian situation reveal how revolutionary is the idea of comprehensive planning. There is no more chaotic system than that under which the Indians of today are supervised. This chaos is the result of conflicting government policies, reflecting changes in the social attitude toward the Indian, which have been imposed one on another regardless of their mutually exclusive concepts. To this confusion of policy has been added the confusion of the situation: American Indians represent every stage of cultural development from the digger Indian of California to the Pueblo Indian of the Southwest, whose dances and handicrafts are the admiration of artists and critics the world over. There is also the confusion which every conquering nation creates in trying to administer a conquered people of a different race not easily assimilable in the main stream of population. The chaos might have been resolved if in the economic conflict between the white man and the Indian it had not proved useful as a means of exploitation of the Indian. The Wheeler-Howard bill is designed to put a stop to this exploitation by reducing the situation to some kind of order.

The bill's first aim is a reform of the Indian land policy based upon the recognition that any group wishing to carry on a communal life must have an adequate economic foundation for it. Past experience with the Indian has demonstrated that his whole technique of living derives from the land and that he is unable to adjust himself to the white man's industrialized civilization. The land policies of the past have not recognized this. The initial relationship between the government and the Indians was established on the basis of treaties in which the Indians were recognized as conquered but independent nations. By the terms of these treaties they were guaranteed rights to new lands comparable in economic usefulness with the lands they surrendered to the public domain of their conquerors. The first reservations ceded to them were fairly satisfactory, but whenever, for any reason, these lands became attractive to the white men, the United States violated the treaties and moved the Indians to lands which were progressively inferior in productiveness, thus undermining the economic foundations of Indian life.

In 1871 the government, without abrogating the treaties, imposed upon them a conflicting policy under which the Indian was considered a ward of the government and not a member of an independent nation. Henceforth he was to all intents and purposes a minor under the law. In 1887 a new land law was passed which broke up the reservations heretofore owned communally by the tribes and allotted to individual Indians parcels of land in perpetuity, which they were free to will or sell, subject to the permission of the dian agent, who represented the government's guardianship

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interest. This policy has been defended on the ground that the giving of individual titles to the land placed the Indian on the same basis as a white farmer and made it easier for him to take his place in a white community. Practically, it was fatal to the Indian, for he was forced into making so-called "voluntary" sales of his lands whenever those lands attracted a white man who could enlist a corrupt Indian agent in his interest. This was so frequently the case that in the years between 1887 and 1926 the aggregate acreage of Indian holdings decreased 66 per cent and the value and economic usefulness of the lands 75 to 80 per cent. This system has reduced the bulk of the Indian population to the status of paupers. The onus for part of this pauperization rests on the government, which assesses the Indians for public improvements which have been undertaken without their consent and from which they have received no benefit. Their debts have grown to an extent which deprives them of the possibility of release and will, if continued, lead ultimately to the confiscation of their lands. These facts have been brought to light by a Senate investigation.

That we should one day have to face the problems created by this policy was recognized by Senator La Follette in 1928. When in that year there was presented a bill for flood-control works on the Rio Grande which saddled the Indian with a reimbursable debt incommensurate with the benefit he would derive from the project and more than twice the amount to be paid by a public-utilities company which would derive inestimable benefit, Senator La Follette said: "Mr. President, we are now told that the votes have been gathered in to perpetrate and consummate this injustice. If that be true and if the roll call shall demonstrate that fact, then in a few years we shall be called upon to pass remedial legislation to undo this injustice which is contemplated with regard to these Indians."

The Senator from Wisconsin could scarcely have foreseen at that time that remedial legislation of the scope now contemplated would be presented to Congress, and that the Commissioner of Indian Affairs would formulate principles such as the following—quoted from the minutes of the conference held in Washington in January—which are incorporated in the proposed legislation:

> That the provisions of the land-allotment system which require or permit the transfer of Indian tribal lands to individual Indians and the sale of such lands by individual Indians to non-Indians shall be immediately repealed.
>
> That the laws of descent and distribution now applicable to Indian lands should be modified so as to prevent the breaking up of Indian lands into parcels unsuitable for economic use and to prevent the growing inequalities in land distribution among individual Indians and to promote community ownership and control of Indian lands.
>
> That a process of land acquisition be set up by which so far as feasible allotted lands will be restored to community ownership, especially forestry and grazing lands, and additional lands will be acquired (a) to provide land for landless Indians, and (b) to consolidate Indian lands for economic purposes; to provide for equitable distribution of land-use privileges and community income; to prevent alienation or dissipation of capital assets; and to provide a system of Indian credit for land and industrial development.

In addition there is to be a concentrated effort to check, through erosion control and diversified agriculture, the deterioration of Indian lands. This means the adoption of a regional plan for the reservations, based on their specific characteristics and needs. An experiment in this direction is under way on the Navajo reservation.

Even more sweeping reforms are proposed in connection with the policy of returning to the Indian some measure of self-government. Working from a recognition that Indian tradition and culture are wholly based on communal life, the bills which are now under consideration aim to make possible a return to this way of life. The Indians, according to the new legislation, are to have the right to organize, unconditioned by consent of the Secretary of the Interior, and the powers now exercised over them by the Bureau of Indian Affairs are to be gradually transferred to the organized Indian communities, as they show themselves capable of administering their own affairs. Those Indians now living unhappily in isolation on allotted lands are to be consolidated into colonies or neighborhood groups. This plan of organization does not mean the discontinuance of those government services now offered in the fields of health, education, and welfare, but their coordination locally under tribal control. Further legislation will give the Indian tribal councils the power to try Indian offenses, to recall undesirable employees of the Indian service, and to act in an advisory capacity when tribal or federal funds are to be spent for the benefit of the tribe.

This, in broad outline, is the scope of the proposed Indian legislation, and it is a terrible indictment of our handling of Indian affairs that the policy must be presented not only as a reform program but as a reform program almost revolutionary in character. The new legislation proposes to give to the Indian rights which we in the United States consider fundamental to citizenship. And the Indian is a citizen; he was granted the suffrage in 1924, although his status as a ward of the government was not changed. Is it revolutionary in the United States to say that a man shall have a voice in the governmental or supervisory power exercised over him, or that he shall be allowed at least an advisory relationship to the settlement of such problems as education and health? Is it revolutionary to allow him to organize and pursue a way of life which is not only traditional but economically necessary? Is it revolutionary to allow a man to decide, or at least to know, how his money is being spent? These do not seem unusual rights. And yet it is revolutionary to consider giving them to the Indians, and the struggle to give them to him is not yet over.

Given the facts, anyone would be forced to recognize the justice of the proposed legislation, but nevertheless there will be opposition to it. Opposition will come from those self-interested groups which have been exploiting the Indian and which will find the opportunity for such exploitation materially lessened under the new policy. Opposition will come from power groups still casting envious eyes upon the remnants of Indian lands which they have not yet secured. Opposition will come from those who are enamored of the idea that the American way of life is the only way of life, even for Indians who have a tradition and culture which make adoption of the American tradition and culture impossible. The force of an aroused public opinion will be needed to combat this opposition and to enable this Seventy-third Congress of the United States to be worthy of the dedication with which Robert Gessner prefaced "Massacre": "To the first Congress that will eradicate what Lincoln seventy years ago called 'an accursed system.'"

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The Slaughter in Austria

By JOHN GUNTHER

Vienna, February 20

THE Austrian government is peppering Great Britain and America with justifications for the bombardment of the Socialist houses with field artillery and the slaughter of women and children, residents and bystanders. The outbreak is called a Socialist revolt, a putsch by the Schutzbund, even a "Bolshevik" insurrection. This is of course absurd. The Vienna Socialists were theoretically a revolutionary party, but their tragedy was that they were too decent or too timid ever to attempt a real revolution. They perished without a chance. I grant the fundamental anomaly of a Socialist capital in an anti-Socialist state, which made an outbreak at some time inevitable. Both sides contributed to the tension. Outsiders can have no idea of the local bitternesses of Austria, concealed as they are by gentle Austrian manners. The Dollfussers genuinely viewed the Socialist houses as infidel and revolutionary fortresses. Every municipal swimming pool, every children's dental clinic, was cream stolen from clerical coffee. The Socialists were equally bitter. But concrete responsibility for the fighting which began on February 12 must rest on the shoulders of the government. Ninety per cent of the military aggression almost certainly came from the government forces.

About February 1 the Heimwehr began to kick up its heels in the provinces and demand authoritarian government. At the same time the German campaign against Austria was reaching a climax, and the Heimwehr demands received comparatively little notice. Everyone was more interested in Austria's impending appeal to the League. Dollfuss went to Budapest on the seventh, saying that he would answer the Heimwehr on his return. The next day, with Dollfuss out of town, Fey raided the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* building for arms and ordered searches for weapons in various Vienna suburbs. This had happened before. But by the ninth it was obvious that a storm was near. Schutzbund leaders were being arrested. On the tenth Fey deprived the Socialist Mayor Seitz of police powers. The next day he promised "final action" and a "clean-up of Austria." Dollfuss was back in town and said nothing. Nor did the Socialists. They withstood this culminating barrage of provocation without a word. Then on the twelfth, Monday, the storm broke when Socialists in Linz forcibly resisted the Heimwehr-plus-police who invaded their headquarters. Workers in Vienna, inflamed, infuriated, seizing the choice between death by slow suffocation and death fighting, their backs against the wall, began spontaneously to strike.

What followed was one of the worst muddles in revolutionary history. A general strike was ordered at about the time the electrical workers went out, at 9.30 or 10 a.m. It was ordered by the *Aktions-Ausschuss* of the Socialist Party and the trade unions by a majority of one. This *Ausschuss* is a small committee of ten or twelve, independent of the political executive of the party. The order was never officially promulgated or communicated to the workers. A few trade-union groups seem to have heard of it, notably those in Floridsdorf. One impression is that the strike was called for 5 p.m. that day. The idea was to bluff the government. What it did was give the government seven precious hours of warning. The Socialist Schutzbund did not get orders to fight till late afternoon in most cases, and in some cases never got orders at all. The leaders still hoped against hope for peace. I have it on what appears to be unimpeachable authority that Colonel Deutsch, the Schutzbund leader—a grotesque incompetent if you ask my private opinion—tried to send emissaries to Dollfuss and Miklas to appeal for conciliation as late as twelve noon. This was an admirable gesture but it was the abyss of unreality. The government finally had the pretext to crush the Socialists which it had been awaiting for eleven months. The emissaries were arrested before they left their headquarters. With immense precision and force the government acted.

The strike was a miserable failure. Everything that could possibly go wrong went wrong. The bungling—considering the fact that the Socialists had presumably been prepared for a general strike for fifteen years—was unbelievable. Of course no one counted on the relentless energy of the government. Every Socialist leader was spotted and the great majority of them were arrested by noon. Anticipating this the party had appointed second and third men for each post; they were all instantly arrested too. As a result there was no one left to give or receive orders. The electrical workers had struck and the trams stopped. Trade-union officials have explained that they "thought" that this would be "interpreted" as the signal for the general strike. No other "signal" was ever given. As a result I saw puzzled motormen stranded with their street-cars wondering why in thunder the juice was turned off. At the same moment police, army, and Heimwehr patrols were beginning to sweep the city.

The fighting that followed was simple heartbreak. There was no organization. There was no plan. Young men eager to go on the streets obediently waited all day Monday and even to the evening of Tuesday expecting *orders* to fight. Then they began shooting and were slaughtered. The Schutzbund was supposed to have been well armed. But only a few leaders knew exactly where the arms were, and these leaders had been arrested or had fled. I have heard stories of Schutzbunders frantically digging all Monday and Tuesday nights with their hands in the courtyards of their tenements, searching wildly for the arms that they knew were there. They never found them. One band of Schutzbunders, 300 strong, never received its arms because its second-in-command refused to disclose their location without orders from above, even though he was told that the commanding officer had been arrested. A liaison committee had been set up in advance for communication between fighters and press people. It never met, or met too late, because of a childish inaccuracy in the location of the secret rendezvous. Couriers were supposed to get out of Vienna and raise the countryside. Most of them were arrested before they started. The country folk waited all day for orders and, as the trains continued to run, never knew a general strike had been called. Stoppage of trains was supposed to have been a signal, but the

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railway men either never got orders to strike or refused to do so. The government cut key telephones and there was no communication between one besieged tenement and the others. Workers in one house fought with no idea whether their comrades were fighting or not. The gas workers—decent fellows—did not strike because they feared that to do so might damage the city with an explosion. There was almost no sabotage in the electric plant. There are 700,000 Socialist voters in Vienna and perhaps 50,000 Schutzbunders, and yet the Socialists themselves say that hardly 5,000 men fought.

But to conquer this handful of staunch and determined men took four days of relentless struggle. The government had to use an army of 19,000, equipped with machine-guns, minnenwerfer, and field artillery, before it could batter the Socialists into submission. It was a hopeless fight, but it was magnificent. The Socialists were fighting a forlorn engagement without adequate arms and devoid of competent leaders. The fault was probably the extreme discipline which Bauer had enforced on the party. The Socialists were disciplined to the point where all initiative was extinguished. Yet a cold and ragged handful of hungry workers withstood a modern army for four days.

The government charges that the Socialist tenements—those great houses for the poor which were one of the sights of Europe—were built like fortresses. Of course. Any modern concrete structure is a fortress as soon as it gets fighting men inside it. The government says that they were placed strategically. Of course. The Socialists would have been fools to have placed them otherwise. Some Socialist arms came from Czecho-Slovakia, as the government charges, but all the bullets I picked up were old war stock, dated 1918 or 1919. These the Schutzbund had received from the government itself—a Socialist Government—when the Republican Defense Corps was organized against possible Jugoslav aggression in Carinthia, and when every patriotic Austrian wanted to hide as many weapons as possible from the Inter-Allied Control Commission. The Schutzbund and subsequent Christian Social governments held the arms jointly, with both Deutsch and Vaugoin having access to the arsenals. About 1927 the army began to break the agreement and try to seize them.

It is not generally realized as yet what the fall of Socialist Vienna entails. The spoils of victory for Dollfuss and the Heimwehr are tremendous. Literally not since the Turks has there been such plunder. We know that the white-green flag of the Heimwehr floats above the Rathaus; that the fifteen-year-long struggle between Clericals and Marxists for control of Austria is ended; that the most exhilarating system of social reform and paternalism in Western Europe is imperiled. There is all this. There is also loot.

The Vienna municipality owned about 35 per cent of the land of Vienna. Its funds in the municipal savings banks alone were about $70,000,000. It had spent about $110,000,000 in housing and other municipal enterprises between 1923 and 1929 (the last figures available). It collected about $25,000,000 in taxes per year. It owned the municipal gas works, the electrical plant, the water works, the streetcars and subway and omnibuses, the slaughter houses and the public baths, a cemetery, a brewery, a bakery, and a department store. Employing 54,000 people, it was by far the largest enterprise in Central Europe.

The Gemeinde Wien was distinguished the world over for its beneficent social program. Its parks, sunshine houses, wading pools for children, maternity-welfare stations, free gymnasia, dental clinics, tuberculosis hospitals, municipal laundries, model cottages, skating rinks, and incomparable kindergartens have probably been developed on a scale and with a success not reached by any other city. All this is now in government hands. This does not mean that it is all lost. Of course the municipality has been taken over and purely Socialist funds have been blocked or confiscated. But rather than destruction there is likely to be merely transfer of operation to other hands. Bad enough. But it might easily be worse. There has been no wholesale evacuation as yet from the tenements. Many residents are joining the Fatherland Front as fast as they can in an attempt to protect their homes.

The social disorganization resulting from the outbreak is literally tremendous. Thousands of persons have been arrested, and thousands have lost their jobs. Relief committees are working, but the amount of poverty and misery among the wives and families of the new jobless and the prisoners must be incalculable. It is one of the penalties of unsuccessful revolution. The minor captives are being steadily released, but many of them may not find jobs again; the important prisoners have no prospect of early trial and may be sent to concentration camps.

Despite all this, there are several things which may be said for the government. First and most important, most of the prisoners have been fairly well treated. There were isolated beatings in the first hot-blood arrests but no organized terror or torture. As long as Dollfuss is in power there will be no terror. Had this "revolution" occurred in any other country you may be sure that the whole Rathaus would have been turned inside out by this time and filled with Heimwehr victors. But as yet only the top officials have been fired. When one considers the job fever of the Heimwehr this is something to the credit of the government. No one can condone the courts martial in the first week, particularly the hideous hanging of a wounded man; but there has been no mass executions such as occurred in Germany.

The government, again, could have caused vastly more destruction than it did. This was the reason the fighting took so long. Every effort was made—in most districts—to give full warning to the people. The Heimwehr did a good deal of wild shooting; the army obeyed orders and did what armies have to do; the police, I should like to say with emphasis, behaved in most cases with the maximum consideration possible. The artillery could have blown up the Karl Marx Hof in twenty minutes and killed every living soul within. But no high explosive shell was used, and the police did everything possible to evacuate the houses before firing began. As a matter of fact, very few casualties were caused by bombardment of the houses. Most of the killing was in street fighting.

The police bungled sometimes, for instance, when they waited so long to bombard the Goethe Hof that the bombardment, when it did occur, was useless; the building except for stragglers was empty. The bombardment lasted six hours and badly damaged the façade of the structure and mangled the wretched unemployed workers' quarters within. The attackers were a regular army with artillery. And inside the building were found exactly two machine-guns. The residents told us when we entered that these were operated by strange Schutzbunders who insisted on fighting against the

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will of the people in the house. I shall never forget the officer who talked with the residents on entering. They, decent souls, greeted him not as a conqueror but as a father—literally—come to protect them, and he patted their backs, fondled their children, with tears in his eyes.

I remember a scene in the Goethe Hof. We had been with the army on the bridge at zero hour; now we were poking through the shattered building. Life was returning to the building. An airplane floated above, dropping leaflets telling the workers that their leaders had betrayed them; mournful women and frightened children told the police how *they* hadn't fought. The simple, clean little flats were torn to bits by shell fire. Husbands and fathers were out of work, or prisoners, or fugitives; and the moral damage was irreparable.

I walked through the kindergarten. The little desks were ripped apart by shells; beams and plaster and smashed blackboards and heaps of school books and paintboxes and shattered toys littered the broken floor. On one wall stood a cut-out colored-paper picture proudly inscribed with the name of its designer, aged six. A bullet had crashed through it. Opposite, in this Marxist, "atheist" cathedral, was a cheap lithograph of the crucifixion. The glass was shattered—by a Christian Social shell.

Washington Side Shows

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, March 12

CAN it be that retribution finally is overtaking the only Secretary of the Treasury who ever enjoyed the distinction of having three Presidents serve under him? The portents are ominous. Unless the Department of Justice stubs its toe, Andrew William Mellon presently will be placed on trial before a jury of common mortals on the charge of evading payment of his just taxes to the government which he dominated for ten long years. As if this act of lèse majesté were not outrage enough, Attorney-General Cummings announces that the Aluminum Company of America is being investigated for suspected violations of the anti-trust laws. Thus far Old Andy has got away with it just about as he pleased, and he may succeed in beating this rap, but the necessity of condescending to self-defense will be a bitter pill. Upon the battlements of yonder heaven, methinks I see a grim face slightly smiling. What a comfort it would be to know that "the good gray Senator" from Montana did not labor in vain!

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ALAS, the air-mail thieves are to be permitted to resume operations at the same old stand, provided they conform to custom by wearing masks. Surely that will cause them no embarrassment. Bad luck, rotten judgment, dirty politics, and unrestrained greed have contributed to this inglorious end. A succession of tragic deaths among army mail pilots, resulting from poor equipment, incompetent staff work, and the worst stretch of flying weather since the invention of the airplane, supplied the pretext for a barrage of propaganda sufficiently effective to batter down the President's resolve to withhold government subsidies from the interests which have rooked the Treasury out of millions in the last eight years. In yielding to this pressure, Mr. Roosevelt is taking a step which he will inevitably regret. The shocking facts revealed by the Black investigation are unchanged. The bankers and stock jobbers who reaped huge fortunes by exploiting air-mail contracts and selling equipment to the army and navy are still in control of commercial aviation, and will remain in control. The President's ultimatum requiring a change in executive personnel of the companies merely compels them to employ dummy officers. The theory that a crook can be reformed by ordering him to don a false face leaves me skeptical. Their ghoulish gloating over the army air fatalities was not even interrupted when a commercial plane crashed with even more appalling loss of life. What puzzles me is that someone high in authority has not taken the trouble to point out that the deficient ships in which the army pilots went to their deaths were mostly, if not all, purchased from the same interests which have united in holding them up to scorn. These were the companies in which an investment of $500 culminated, within five years or less, in profits of $10,000,000 derived mainly from the sale of motors and equipment to the army. Is it any wonder that those motors sputtered and quit? The brave men who went down in these flaming coffins have not died for nothing if their sacrifice serves to rivet attention on the condition of our air forces. If, as the New York *Daily News* so aptly remarks, our army planes are unable to fly from one given place to another over lighted courses, it is high time the fact were known. Aside from moral considerations, there is all the more reason that the Post Office Department should have a large reserve of trained pilots and properly equipped planes. Neither national defense nor public service is a proper function of private corporations.

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FOR the neatest trick of the year give credit to General Hugh Johnson; and the most excruciating fact about it is that every metropolitan newspaper in the country—at least, every one that I have seen—missed the play entirely, and does not yet know what was pulled off, nor how, nor why. The gentlemen against whom it was directed are fully awake, however. I am alluding to the adroit maneuver whereby the General availed himself of the assistance of his severest critics—including the Communists—in wringing from industry certain concessions which he desired. This is how he did it: He had summoned all code authorities to assemble in Washington on March 5 for the purpose of shortening work hours and increasing pay schedules. Realizing that the representatives of industry would resist this program to the last ditch with the argument that "things are coming along all right" and that "business should be let alone," the crafty cavalryman anticipated them by calling another meeting a week in advance and inviting all critics to appear and tell just what was wrong with the NRA. Guilelessly

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they responded with a rush, and for a week the air was blue with charges of cheating and chiseling against employers, with demands for higher pay and shorter hours, and with accusations of collusion and indifference against the administration. It is true that some of the more irresponsible and uninformed critics overreached themselves, as when Mrs. Cornelia Pinchot charged Johnson with "betraying the President" by failing to get quicker action from the National Labor Board (apparently unaware that the board is appointed by, and solely responsible to, the President). But on the whole it was a highly charged and distinctly hostile atmosphere into which the captains of industry marched the following Monday morning, to look and listen with rueful faces as Roosevelt ascended the rostrum, spit on his hands, and declared that he would temporize with them no longer. If anyone has done a better job of laying down the law, your venerable correspondent has not heard of it. And if anyone has outdone Johnson in setting the stage, that also is a secret. Yet the trained seals and the high-powered "specials" of the corps of correspondents muffed it completely; the anonymous toilers for the lowly press associations had a much clearer idea of what was going on. In interpreting news events, it sometimes pays to know something about the subject—a heresy for which I shall be roundly damned. In a contest where every inch of gain is met with bellows of rage and pain, Johnson may not be expected—nor does he expect—to achieve all his objectives in one drive, but substantial advances have been made, and others are sure to follow. The job of organization is practically ended; the job of administration and enforcement is beginning in earnest. Gentlemen who have fallen into the habit of joking about the phrase "cracking down" may soon find themselves under the painful necessity of giving bond and hiring counsel. It is high time. I note that Senator Nye has suspended his campaign against the NRA temporarily, while he launches one to make that other flaming progressive, Jim Watson, chairman of the Republican National Committee. How did he overlook Joe Grundy?

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THINGS that happened—and some that didn't—when the Copeland committee reopened hearings on the Tugwell bill recently do not augur well for the future of that measure. It is bad enough, in all conscience, to have the measure intrusted to a Senator who is being paid to broadcast on a program sponsored by one of the bill's bitterest enemies. How anyone with the slightest sense of propriety could willingly place himself in such a position is a question which only the Honorable Royal S. Copeland can answer. His failure to do so acquires added significance from the list of witnesses called to testify on the merits of the bill. Lobbyists for the patent-medicine industry, the prepared-foods industry, and the cosmetics industry formed a steady procession to and from the witness stand. One of them distinguished himself by asserting that the medical profession "knows no more about the causes of epilepsy that did Hippocrates"! Not possessing a medical degree, this "expert" may be excused for never having heard about the effects of brain tumor, but he cannot be excused for parading his ignorance, any more than Dr. Copeland may be excused for listening to it. The Doctor may not be the greatest living authority on medicine, but some of the living authorities must be known to him by reputation. Why didn't he avail himself and the committee of the knowledge of such men as Hunt of Harvard, MacNider of the University of North Carolina, Geiling of Johns Hopkins, and Sollmann of Western Reserve? Some, if not all, of these eminent pharmacologists were ready and willing to appear, and Copeland was so informed, yet he elected to call known lobbyists. Meantime, the business of advertising and selling poisonous rubbish continues to grow and prosper at the expense of the sick and afflicted. Only last week inspectors of the Food and Drug Administration seized 900 packages of a product labeled "Warm Springs Crystal Compound," recommended for the treatment of gastric disturbances. Investigation had shown that it consisted solely of a familiar horse physic, purchased in barrel lots from an Atlanta chemical company and shipped to Warm Springs, Georgia, where it was wrapped in fancy packages and distributed over the country. A woman who paid $2,000 for the Oklahoma agency testified that a retail druggist told her: "You can sell sand at a dollar a package if it bears the name of Warm Springs."

In the Driftway

"IN the late King of the Belgians nobody has any holes to pick. . . . A quarter of a century ago there was a crook on the throne in Brussels, surrounded by crooks, and the Congo scandals had made Belgium a stink in the nostrils of the world." The foregoing sentences, with whose sentiments the Drifter has no particular quarrel, appeared not in one of the more serious-minded American tabloids, but in the revered, dignified, and highly respectable *New Statesman and Nation*. They appeared, moreover, not on some obscure back page, but in the upper half of the first editorial paragraph of the issue of February 24. And when he saw them, the Drifter sadly bade farewell to one of his most cherished illusions, which was that, no matter how dull, uninspired, or immaterial his ideas might be, the British journalists, and most confidently the editorial writers for the weekly journals, all wrote the English language with felicity, dignity, and urbanity.

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THIS is doubtless not true, and it perhaps never was true. Neither may be his notion that English journalists know everybody, have been present at every event worth mentioning for the last fifty years, and can tell the inside story of these same events as well as the accounts that appear in the newspapers. But the Drifter derived his romantic notion not only from some acquaintance with the gentlemen in question, but from years of faithful reading of the *Manchester Guardian,* the *Times,* the *Morning Post,* and the weeklies, with particular emphasis on what used to be the London *Nation,* which has gradually accumulated the *Athenaeum,* the *New Statesman,* and the *Week-End Review.* It may be the amalgamation which has weakened the old *Nation's* confident precision of speech. Or perhaps when it came time to make up the issue of February 24 the office boy, an American who used to shine shoes in City Hall Park, was delegated to write the first paragraph, out of an enthusiasm, perhaps, for a king six and a half feet tall. He wrote the first sentence which the Drifter has quoted to

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express that enthusiastic admiration. Being an untutored lad, he did not of course realize how grotesque, how macabre even, it would sound. He then wished to describe the old King Leopold, and the stench of his operations in the Congo. Leopold was evidently a bad king, ergo a "crook"; a stench would be known to a former bootblack by its more homely name. This explanation the Drifter thinks very ingenious and exceedingly probable. But the fact remains that in the *New Statesman and Nation* the sentences do look odd.

* * * * *

IT may be, of course, that it was not the office boy at all, but an uneasy desire to emulate certain features of American journalism. We have in the United States a good many journalists who write swiftly, bitingly, who do not hesitate to employ homely words, who do not, indeed, hesitate at all, but who by some kind of luck find the *mot juste* without seeming to look for it. Of these H. L. Mencken is the example par excellence. Writing easily in the bright-colored tradition of Mark Twain, Mr. Mencken's prose has attained a splendor, if not a dignity, that makes it worthy to stand beside the best. But our English contemporaries may as well learn that to write this way is not easy; or if it is easy, as with Mr. Mencken it may be, it is a power derived straight from heaven. It is not a trick to write with a brisk, full, sharp style. It may well be the result of the American temper, the American inheritance, where the earth has been so abundant and men have so triumphantly conquered it. If this is so, then all the more English writers should not try to imitate the American journalistic tone. England is a tight little island that has created an empire; let its literary style remain accomplished, closely woven, distinguished by elegant scrupulosity. When it expands, let it expand imperially, with an orderly precision. Then the Drifter will not feel that his years of reading British periodicals have been in vain.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

It Does Seem Inconsistent

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

What sort of farce is the present Administration engaged in? This morning President Roosevelt in a nation-wide broadcast stated that wages must be raised. This afternoon Postmaster James Farley issued an order stating that substitute post-office clerks shall work only one and a half hours per day, which means a grand salary of $5.13 per week.

Are we substitute post-office clerks not entitled to the same treatment as the President desires for those employed by private persons and corporations? If, as the order states, the Postmaster-General finds that the Post Office Department's expenses are running behind the appropriations for the year, don't we deserve to be included in the relief funds being so generously granted by the government for private projects?

The amount of time we worked was the first thing curtailed, then the 15 per cent cut was foisted upon us, and now the benevolent "Jim" Farley further curtails our working hours. Is this the example that the government is setting for the rest of the country to follow?

New York, March 5 SUBSTITUTE POST-OFFICE CLERK

A Protest from a Teacher

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

As a reader of *The Nation* I have been shocked by the partisanship and ignorance displayed by your editorials on the economy bill. I ignored the first editorial as an unfortunate accident or a form of mental aberration to which even a high-class organ of liberalism might be subject. Your editorial in the issue of February 28 contains a statement I cannot ignore. The statement is as follows: "Second, the lobby that has formed in opposition to the bill, including in some measure the spokesmen for the school teachers, is obviously political in character and entirely selfish in aim." May I, as a member of the Joint Committee of Teachers' Organization and as the leader of the opposition at the public hearing at Albany, state emphatically that this statement, in so far as it refers to teachers, is without the slightest foundation?

Aside from the fact that we object to government by dictatorship or legislative abdication, the economy bill met with the united opposition of the teachers for the following reasons:

1. It undermined education as a State function and would have brought back the political manipulation of the schools, which could only end in a shattered morale.
2. It destroyed so basic a measure as the civil-service law.
3. It made possible a unification of our sound pension systems with the unsound ones.
4. It proposed another salary cut for teachers and municipal employees in the form of a furlough which would have made our salary cuts vary from 14⅓ per cent to 28⅓ per cent and this in the face of a period of inflation and the fact that we suffered from wage lags to the year 1929 and have had other indirect cuts which space prevents my discussing. The recent amendments make the bill less indefensible, but it is still basically wrong and wholly unnecessary to meet the financial crisis.

Moreover, just why should teachers be so completely "unselfish" as to undertake to balance the budget by another special tax upon themselves in the shape of a furlough for the benefit of the bankers and their outrageous banker contract? Why should municipal employees, 90 per cent of whom earn under $3,000 yearly and 46 per cent under $2,000 yearly, deprive their dependents of necessities to guarantee exorbitant interest rates for the bankers who helped precipitate the present crisis? Why should we cut our salaries again for the benefit of the Chase National and the National City when their leaders, Charles E. Mitchell and Albert H. Wiggin, inaugurated these cuts at the same time that they increased their own earnings by $4,000,000?

New York, March 6 ABRAHAM LEFKOWITZ

A Chinese Labor Paper

TO THE EDITORS OF THE NATION:

An appeal is being made for funds to assist in the maintenance of the *China Forum*, edited by Harold Isaacs at Shanghai. The *China Forum* now appears as an English-Chinese weekly with a circulation of approximately 5,000 copies, more than 95 per cent of which is among Chinese in the Nanking area. Since this circulation is largely unpaid, the paper exists on the generosity of a few devoted supporters at Shanghai. As the only radical labor journal in China, its continued publication is of paramount importance. Contributions may be sent to the undersigned at 136 Claremont Avenue, Mt. Vernon, New York.

New York, February 10 T. A. BISSON

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"Slavocracy"

To the Editors of The Nation:

Louis M. Hacker, in his thoughtful review of Matthew Josephson's "The Robber Barons," lugged in quite unnecessarily, it seemed to me, the word "slavocracy." This is a form of verbal devaluation which should be reprimanded. I do not mean to compare it to bimetallism or symmetallism, nor is it a hybrid like "bureaucracy." The objection to it is that it doesn't mean what Mr. Hacker—and the others who employ it—intend that it should say. There was never a "slavocracy" in the South, such as Mr. Hacker speaks of, because the slaves never got control of the government, even during the Reconstruction. Anyhow, "slavocracy" is a hideous word, even when used with the apology of quotation marks—which Mr. Hacker neglected—and it should be lynched.

Perhaps some of your other readers have pet verbal abominations they would like to discuss with you.

Old Greenwich, Conn., March 5 Silas Bent

The Intelligent Traveler

What Will a Dollar Buy?

AMERICANS who have been living in "a little town in the south of France" for a fraction of the cost of living at home are said to be flocking back this year. The changed value of the dollar has diminished or entirely wiped out the advantages that expatriates formerly enjoyed. This change has given rise to a general feeling, even among experienced travelers, that travel costs this summer will be out of reach.

The expatriate must have a bargain—it usually is the most important factor in his preference for living abroad. The traveler's budget in his own or a foreign land is of a different character. He does not expect to travel as cheaply as he can live at home. An increase in vacation costs may affect his plans but not negate them. The question for the traveler looking toward Europe is this: How much less does my dollar buy now than it bought in better times? To obtain an answer a comparative study has been made of prices in 1929 and in 1933-34 for the three main items of travel cost—board and lodging, railroad transportation, and steamship passage. Data have been gathered from reliable tourist and government sources and checked against personal experience. The conclusions reached will not hold, of course, for every hotel in every European city, but may be taken as a fair indication.

France

A survey of hotel prices in Paris shows that the drop in the value of the dollar has been offset somewhat by a decrease in prices since 1929. The hotels chosen for comparison are second and third class, selected as typical; there are, of course, many others, equally desirable, with about the same variation in rates. In more expensive hotels the reductions since 1929 are likely to be larger; for less expensive accommodations the reductions are smaller.

Hotel	*Accommodation*	*1929*	*1933-34*
Hotel du Louvre	Room	$2.14	$2.53
Majestic	Room	$2.34	$3.16
Terminus	Room	$1.17	$1.89
Liberia	Room and breakfast	$1.26	$1.51
Saints-Pères	Room and breakfast	$1.56	$1.96
Sèvres Vaneau	Room and breakfast	$1.36	$1.96
Rhône	Room—three meals	$2.26	$3.48
Lutetia	Room—three meals	$4.68	$6.01

Railroad fares in France have not been changed in francs, and therefore cost more in dollars. For the journey from Paris to Geneva, for instance, the second-class fare was $7.16 in 1929 and is $11.63 today.

Italy

Italy is one of the cheaper countries. A strong bid for tourists has been made by Mussolini, "who made the trains run on time" to the admiration of American business men. The appeal consists in improvements and standardization of services plus substantial price discounts. All hotel prices have been decreased from 10 to 30 per cent since 1929, although not quite far enough to wipe out the disadvantageous exchange of dollars into lire. Comfortable accommodations in Rome cost from $2.50 to $3 a day for three meals and room without bath. These are not in the swanky hotels, but in good second- and third-class hotels.

The standard rail fare has increased with the exchange although it remains the same in lire. A second-class journey of 500 kilometers cost $7.69 in 1929 and now costs $12.43. However, the visitor may actually make the journey for $3.73—less than half the 1929 rate—if he is able to take advantage of the maximum excursion reductions, which range from 25 to 70 per cent. These are available for fairs and festivals, of which there is such an extensive network that it is possible to work one of them into almost any journey. The Italian State Railways, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York, supplies detailed information.

Germany

Visitors to Germany may reduce expenses there materially by purchasing registered marks before entering the country. This effects a saving of about 15 per cent. Registered marks may be bought at large banks in America or in Europe and from steamship companies and travel agencies. They are issued in lots of 50 and 100 marks, and each traveler is limited to 3,000 a month.

According to good authority German hotel rates are from 30 to 40 per cent lower than they were in 1929. This means that the traveler who pays in registered marks pays in 1934 about what he paid in 1929. Railroad fares have almost doubled in dollars, but special rates for tourists bring them close to the 1929 level. The journey from Berlin to Cologne, a distance of 570 kilometers, cost in 1929, second class express, 32.40 marks, or $7.74. This year the same journey is quoted at 38.60 marks, or $12.53 if bought with registered marks. But if the traveler visits the Passion Play at Oberammergau while in Germany, he receives a reduction of one-third on all his rail fares, and his trip between Berlin and Cologne would then cost $8.31 (registered marks) or less than a dollar more than it would have cost in the prosperous year of 1929. It is possible that Germany will give a reduction of 25 per cent on rail fares for travelers who remain in the country more than seven days. Such a regulation is in effect until May 31, and may well be extended through the tourist season. In that case the fare from Berlin to Cologne will be $9.32 (registered marks) if the traveler spends a week in Germany.

England

England is advantageous for the American traveler with dollars in his pocket, for pounds and dollars stand in about the same relation to each other as in 1929. Hotel prices in London remain the same as in 1929, with a variation of only a few pence. One can live in a comfortable double room with breakfast furnished for well under three dollars a day. Rail fares this year will be reduced to a penny (two cents) a mile for round-trip tickets, according to announcements just issued by the four principal railway companies of Great Britain. A

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round-trip journey of a hundred miles which cost $3 in 1929 will cost $2.05 this summer. On "circular tours"—longer journeys allowing stopovers—the basic rate is a penny ha'penny a mile, and reductions of 25 per cent are allowed. The Associated British Railways, 551 Fifth Avenue, New York, gives specific information.

Rail Fares, Europe vs. America

Thanks to the well-known French travel bureau, Exprinter, we have an elaborate analytical comparison of present *standard* rail rates in Europe and the United States. It shows that second-class rail travel in certain countries is less expensive than rail travel here at home. In order of cheapness (low to high) the countries where the American dollar can buy more mileage than at home are Spain, Italy, Great Britain (third class), Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden. Only in Holland, Switzerland, and Austria (in order of cheapness) are standard rail fares higher than at home.

Transatlantic Fares

The cost of steamship passage varies according to the type of boat. Passage on simpler or slower boats is cheaper than on finer and faster boats. The following comparison of summer rates for the years 1929 and 1934 between New York and English ports applies to the North German Lloyd. Rates of other lines correspond very closely.

Steamships	*1929*	*1934*
Third Class—Round Trip		
Slowest	$175	$161
Fastest	$184	$180
Tourist Class—Round Trip		
Slowest	$210	$210
Fastest	$222.50	$237
Cabin Class—One Way		
Slowest	$155	$143
Fastest	$167	$159
First Class—One Way		
Slowest	$268	$204
Fastest	$305	$252

John Rothschild

[*An article by Mr. Rothschild on the cost of travel in other countries where rates are still very low will follow shortly.*]

Contributors to This Issue

James Rorty will soon publish a new book on advertising, entitled "Advertising—Not to Praise."

Johannes Steel is the pseudonym of a German Social Democrat who was for several years economic observer attached to the German Department of Commerce.

Maria L. Rogers is a member of the board of directors of the American Indian Defense Association.

Edward J. Fitzgerald is an editor of the *American Poetry Journal.*

John Gunther is the Vienna correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Paul Y. Anderson is a Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.*

John Rothschild is the director of the Open Road.

George P. Krapp is professor of English at Columbia University.

Miriam Allen deFord is a California newspaperwoman.

Frank D. Graham is professor of economics at Princeton University.

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Books, Drama, Films

Death's-Head

By DWIGHT DURLING

No clamorous processionals swarm
The crumbled city of the fallen brow.
Desolated and uninvaded,
Only time assails it now.

The river-beds of the eyes, deserted
By the river-god, are wells of stone,
Light's enchanted watercourses
Dried, the starry fountains gone.

Strange aerial voices never
Congregate to move again
Chanting exultant choral changes
Upon the porches of the brain.

Augury sleeps. The orifice
Of the sybil-serpent, whose flame
Coiled to strike, is emptiness.
Here a plague came.

Here lies Meaning (Requiescat!),
Memory (Deeper than lost Atlantis!),
Poetry (Peace at last to such ashes!),
Love (Sic semper tyrannis!).

Any handful's measure may
This void prism comprehend
Where again since it first began
The world came to an end.

In Praise of Chaucer

Geoffrey Chaucer. By John Livingston Lowes. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

PROFESSOR LOWES'S new book is a compact but comprehensive introduction to Chaucer. Of late years the "father of English poetry" has enjoyed a continuously increasing popularity, and a great deal has been written on almost all phases of his life and works. Professor Lowes has made no attempt to add to these facts, but instead has given a lucid and helpful résumé of the poet's life, literary predecessors, and development. Added to this, and fused through the whole book, is an extraordinarily enthusiastic and affectionate appreciation. This pervasive delight in Chaucer's work and personality is one of the outstanding features of the book. The animated, simple prose of the lectures (for the book was originally written as a series of six lectures, delivered on the William J. Cooper Foundation at Swarthmore College, a year ago) shows clearly with what affection and pleasure Professor Lowes has taken to his subject. And, indeed, no poet more readily lends himself to praise than Chaucer; none is closer to the heart, and none more personally satisfying. His playfulness is perhaps his most engaging characteristic; but his interest in human nature, his perfect balance, the subtly varied rhythms of his verse, and his peace with the world make him, in these days of unpleasant difficulties, one of the most enjoyable of poetic retreats.

It will be noticed that all the qualities mentioned above are the qualities of Chaucer, not of the period; that is, he is popular in spite of the conventions of the time, not because of them. And so some might question the need for any analysis of Chaucer's predecessors and the forms he copied from them. Actually, he owed an enormous amount to the later medieval French and Italian poets; both schools were essential to his development, and neither one can be called more important than the other. From the French, and of course from his own character, he got the lightness of touch and humorous, easy playfulness that is his special charm; and yet he never overdid this cleverness as, by our own standards, the artificial and shallow French writers were inclined to do. Perhaps in the first early poems—"The Book of the Duchess," and the translation of the "Roman de la Rose," he came as near to a jingly hollowness as anywhere. Take as an example the first lines of the proem to the "Book of the Duchess":

> I have gret wonder, by this lighte,
> How that I live, for day ne nighte
> I may not slepe wel nigh noght;
> I have so many an ydel thoght
> Purely for defaute of slepe
> That, by my trouthe, I take kepe
> Of no-thing, how it cometh or goth . . .

Now compare with this the first stanza of the "Troilus and Criseyde":

> The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen,
> That was the king Priamus sone of Troye,
> In lovinge, how his aventures fellen
> Fro wo to wele, and after out of joye,
> My purpos is, er that I parte fro ye.
> Thesiphone, thou help me for t'endyte
> Thise woful vers, that wepen as I wryte!

The difference is striking; in the latter example the structure is far more tight and solid; there are none of the verse-fillers "by this lighte," and "by my trouthe"; the rhythm is broader, and the line, significantly enough, is five-stress, not four. While a great deal of this change was without doubt due to Chaucer's own development and maturing, yet much credit must also be given Dante, Boccaccio, and Petrarch, from whom he probably received the impulse for the development of the tight style.

And yet, as Professor Lowes brings out, had these been Chaucer's only sources, he could never have imagined the "Wyf of Bath," the conversations in the "Troilus and Criseyde," or the bit of solemn foolishness spoken by Chauntecleer:

> For al so siker as "In principio,
> Mulier est hominis confusio;"
> Madame, the sentence of this Latin is—
> Womman is mannes joye and al his blis.

Just as Shakespeare and Milton, and many other English poets, were to do, he infused into sources which were alien to the English tongue—the French and Italian—the *tertium quid* which is the essence of Chaucer and the beginning of the English tradition.

And I imagine that one of the purposes of Professor Lowes's book is to pick out and define this Chaucerian essence; not only by sorting out, as far as possible, the ideas which were not originally Chaucer's, but by showing what he did with those ideas he took over from other sources. It is a fascinating amusement to look over Boccaccio's "Filostrato" together with the "Troilus and Criseyde" and see the little touches of naturalness and realism that Chaucer put into his story. Pandar is the classic example of Chaucerian transfiguration; but every character and scene in the "Troilus" bears the mark of his personality.

This ability of Chaucer's to mingle completely his own and

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others' materials makes his literary development peculiarly complicated. For example, in the "Hous of Fame," the first book is within fifteen lines of its close when suddenly the lines become strongly colored by Dante. The sighting and arrival of the eagle are told not only in a sharper, clearer style, but with actual lines lifted straight from the "Divine Comedy." This could be explained by the fact that Chaucer had just come on Dante, and wrote these lines while directly under his influence; but there are recollections of Dante in the "Troilus and Criseyde," which was written four years before the "Hous of Fame." Besides this, the eagle, which is practically a counterpart of Vergil in the "Divine Comedy," is one of the most Chaucerian of Chaucer's characters; it is almost certain that Dante had no hand in the making of this loquacious fowl. So there it is; why are thirty or so lines directly influenced by Dante set right in the middle of a perfectly Chaucerian poem? There seems no way of answering this with any certainty.

But whatever the answers to these various critical questions, it is certain that Professor Lowes has stated them in very entertaining and authoritative form. Not only this, but he has provided an alluring introduction for those who have not yet read the works of Chaucer; and to those who know the poems he has given a glowing appreciation that will send them back to read once more their favorite pieces. Which, after all, is very likely the final test of the book.

Very incidentally, "publisshed" for "punysshed," line 1, page 189, should be added to the list of errata.

GEORGE P. KRAPP

Rebel America

Rebel America. By Lillian Symes and Travers Clement. Harper and Brothers. $3.

IT seems incredible that this is the first time a history has been written of the various phases and factions of revolutionary thought and activity in the United States of America. Harry W. Laidler's "History of Socialist Thought" has its American section, but in so inclusive a work what he has to say must necessarily be sketchy, besides being seven years outdated in a swiftly moving era. What was needed was an impersonal and objective account of the workings of the social revolution in the United States, from the earliest days to the date of publication; and to be truly valuable it had to be written by someone who was thoroughly conversant with the revolutionary movement, well acquainted with its ramifications and its personalities, and yet not affiliated with any faction, so that partisan propaganda or animadversion might not creep in even against the writer's conscious will. Miraculously, that is just what "Rebel America" is. The book is so objectively written, in fact, that it would be difficult for a stranger to the authors to guess with what groups they have been affiliated in the past, though on every page it bears witness to their long experience and inside knowledge and their basic sympathy with the world revolutionary movement. If it departs in any respect from a valuable impersonality, it is in a sort of personal tenderness for individual aspects of anarchism and the I. W. W.—with neither of which movements the writers have ever been connected.

"In almost any other nation," says the Foreword, "such a history would be practically synonymous with the history of its labor movement. . . . The American tradition of rebellion has found expression more frequently outside than inside the labor movement. Much of the history of radical activity in the United States has consisted of the struggles of contending groups of radical intellectuals for the soul of labor."

It is this unique peculiarity of radicalism in America that gives to a detailed account of its career so much interest and importance for every student of social history. The United States, contrary to the belief of most uninformed observers—and in a very different way from that described in the horror stories of the red-baiters—has always been a clear mirror of the revolutionary movements and developments of Europe; it has also had its indigenous radical groups of course, but for the most part, until rather recent times, the main body of revolutionary thought in this country has taken its genesis from similar developments abroad. This does not mean, however, that native-born Americans have not been the outstanding leaders—they have been, nearly always, as witness, for mere example, Debs, Haywood, and Foster—or that the conditions here have not profoundly modified the reflected movements, sometimes almost out of recognition of their originators. In the sense that most modern revolutionary thought stems from Karl Marx, the world-wide revolutionary movement, including the American, goes back, of course, to his colossal work; and no economic or social movement anywhere in the world can fail today to be profoundly affected by the mighty example of Russia.

"Rebel America" deals not with every rebellious uprising in the history of this country since its colonial days, but specifically with "the activities of those groups which have aimed at the complete transformation—by whatever means—of the whole social order." Such groups are primarily children of the Industrial Age, since the desire to eliminate capitalism and substitute a different social order for it presupposes the evolution and solidification of capitalism itself. The first stirrings in this country took the form of colonies practicing a rather primitive form of communism—sometimes religious in aspect. The data for this period, outside of the famous Brook Farm episode, are drawn largely from the sixty-year-old contemporary records of Nordhoff and Noyes; but since both these engrossing books are out of print, the authors have done a valuable service in retelling their story. A similar service is the resurrection of the career of that pioneer feminist Frances Wright—born subject for a novel or a play.

Here is a book as fascinating as fiction, as well documented as a doctor's thesis, and, to a large part of our population, as absorbing as an autobiography. Moreover, it will do no harm to the younger intellectuals who have "come into the movement" in the past few years—usually without much acquaintance with its history—to learn what went before them. Even some of the older generation—how grotesque that sounds to us who make it up and were once "the younger generation"!—might profit by its reading. For example, Floyd Dell in "Homecoming" makes the bald assertion: "Nearly all the American Socialist leaders . . . had joined in the pro-war hysteria. Eugene V. Debs alone among familiar Socialist names stood for Socialist principles." I have heard the same statement uttered without contradiction elsewhere. I certainly hold no brief for the Socialist Party, either past or present—rather the opposite, if anything—but this statement happens simply not to be true. The little group of well-advertised—and mostly recent—party members who walked out when the war started constituted anything but the real leaders. With respect only to their attitude toward the war, was not Berger's a familiar Socialist name, or Hillquit's, or Ruthenberg's, or Kate O'Hare's? The St. Louis anti-war resolution, a drastic and dangerous one in its terms, passed that war-time convention almost unanimously and on referendum was carried overwhelmingly. I happened at that time to be closely in touch with three radical groups—the Socialist Party, the Socialist Labor Party, and the I. W. W.—and I can testify of all of them that an enormous majority of the plain rank and file, as well as practically all the real leaders, stood firmly against the war, and that many of them paid with their liberty for their adherence to their principles. Floyd Dell knows better; his subconscious mind perhaps played him a trick, since he himself capitulated to the war. But there is a whole

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GERMANY PREPARES for WAR

by Professor Ewald Banse of Brunswick College, Germany

"The accurate and authentic expression of the purpose of Nazi Germany."
FRANK H. SIMONDS, *Nation*

"One of the most appalling documents which has come out of Hitlerland."
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MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

Explaining Money

The Dollar, the Franc, and Inflation. By Eleanor Lansing Dulles. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

The Sterling-Dollar-Franc Tangle. By Paul Einzig. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

Current Monetary Issues. By Leo Pasvolsky. Brookings Institution. $1.50.

What Everybody Wants to Know About Money. By Nine Oxford Economists. Edited by G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

WHETHER the fate of Cassandra is to be regarded as a monument to human folly or as a triumph of reason we can never know. Cassandra might have been inspired from on high, but the probability is that she was a mere fanatic uttering doleful jeremiads, deservedly scorned, even though justified by the events. Miss Dulles, in her book "The Dollar, the Franc, and Inflation," essays the same role, in the same manner, but, let us hope, not with the same results. Parading the real and alleged horrors of French inflation as a warning to the United States, she is eventually led to express the belief that, as a result of currency depreciation, there was a *net* loss of real wealth in France of well above fifty billions of (old) dollars. Since, on the best estimates, this was not far short of the total real wealth of the country at the beginning of inflation, it is somewhat surprising to note that most Frenchmen still have their shirts. Currency depreciation does not destroy any *existing* real wealth—it merely redistributes it—and since, on Miss Dulles's own admission, French production rose during the inflationary episode, though less than, in her opinion, it would otherwise have done, the French wealth, if she is right, must have possessed a magic volatility more in keeping with foreign estimates of Gallic qualities than with the facts. Miss Dulles's absurd estimate of the loss of real wealth is but one of many grave lapses from scientific standards. At several places she intimates, for instance, that the French alone have ever succeeded in staying the course of sharp inflation short of a complete collapse. Without laying any stress on European and North American cases to the contrary, even a superficial knowledge of South American monetary history would have made such statements impossible.

On the other hand, Miss Dulles seems to imagine that it is at times difficult to hold down, or force down, the gold-exchange value of a paper currency. Provided such a currency is freely issuable, it can be offered in unlimited quantities against gold at the desired rate. If, under these circumstances, the rate is temporarily buoyant, it is a certainty that the sellers of gold will be exhausted long before paper, ink, and printing presses give out.

From what has just been said it will be clear that the reviewer is far from denying the dangers of depreciation, but Miss Dulles's book, on the anti-inflation side, is on all fours with the utterances of Father Coughlin from the opposite camp. It may be magnificent propaganda but it is not science.

Without any indulgence in unmerited praise it may be said that "The Sterling-Dollar-Franc Tangle" is the best of Einzig's

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frequent, and dubious, contributions to currency discussions. In contrast with Miss Dulles, he asserts that inflation and the undervaluation of the franc became the source of immense financial strength and economic prosperity. There is here a failure to distinguish between solvency and income, which are by no means the same thing, but Einzig nevertheless makes a stronger case for his contention than Miss Dulles does for hers. When the doctors disagree so diametrically, however, the conclusion, in this case at least, is that neither is a very competent physician.

A sharp and pleasing contrast to such sloppy work appears in Pasvolsky's "Current Monetary Issues." Dealing with the preliminaries to the London Monetary and Economic Conference, with the conference itself, and with following events, Mr. Pasvolsky gives a masterly presentation of the many aspects of a complex issue in which all the arguments do not lie on one side. The incongruent attitudes of the several Powers at the conference are so forcibly set forth, and the clash of policies is made so clearly evident, that there is small room for anything but despair of an international agreement on monetary matters. Pasvolsky seems to believe, however, that *national* attempts at stable price levels would lead to a disruption of international trade and finance and that an independent currency system is inextricably bound up with economic nationalism. It may be at once admitted that international finance cannot remain free if international trade is more and more to be put in fetters, but a stable national price level would do no harm to international trade even if it meant fluctuating rates of exchange. The assertion that stable conditions in any country are more likely to be achieved when the value of its money moves in unison with other currencies than when it remains unchanged is surely open to question, and on this point Pasvolsky is, in my judgment, on untenable ground.

"What Everybody Wants to Know About Money" is a symposium by a group of Oxford economists under the editorship of G. D. H. Cole. Like all symposia it is spotty, but covers most phases of monetary and financial problems in a satisfactory and occasionally excellent manner. Professor Cole contributes four chapters out of twelve and argues for the socialization of banking as essential to a planned economy. The argument, whether sound or not, will seem irrelevant to those who are skeptical of planning as Cole understands the term. It is somewhat unfortunate that emphasis should have been laid on this point rather than on governmental issuance of the supply of all circulating media. If short-term bank credit were extended, as is long-term credit, *within the existing supply of circulating medium as a datum* and did not constitute an addition thereto, it might well be that governmental control of banks would be unnecessary either for a comprehensively planned economy or for the more or less modified laissez faire under which most economies will probably continue to operate.

FRANK D. GRAHAM

Objectivist Verse

Jerusalem the Golden. By Charles Reznikoff. The Objectivist Press. $1.

THE objectivist poets are a one-line development of the imagists. To present emotion objectively, in an image, and so far as possible without any direct statement of its significance to the poet, save as the drawing (in words) must convey it—that is the imagist creed. The objectivists carry this purpose one step farther by allowing the image to be either that actually existing in the world of objects or that existing only in the subconscious mind. The result, in poetry, is, curiously enough, always poetry of statement, expository of

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feeling but denied the direct conveyance of feeling. Most good poetry, relying on a fusion of the outer, or seen, image with the inner vision, presents its convictions directly or immediately. Imagist or objectivist poetry requires that the reader first recall the object described and then interpret that object, as the poet himself does.

Charles Reznikoff is one of the most capable poets in the objectivist group. He is a lawyer, and perhaps this accounts for his desire to present his facts and to allow conclusions to be drawn. The conclusions are to be drawn, of course, from the poet's own peculiar use of language as well as from his choice of an image to portray his feeling. Mr. Reznikoff's use of language is often Biblical, and Biblical imagery has inevitably a rich association. For the rest, Mr. Reznikoff has proceeded through a scholarly perusal of the philosophers to a final acceptance of Marx. His is the modern skeptical mind looking for a new faith. Therefore although the first poems in this volume are similar to earlier work or to the lines,

> This smoky winter morning—
> do not despise the green jewel shining among the twigs
> because it is a traffic light,

the last poems denounce materialism and economic competition, and lift a banner for Marx:

> Wheels of steel and pistons of steel
> shall fetch us water and hew us wood;
> we shall call nothing mine—nothing for ourselves only.

This poet's mind is interesting, his choice of materials is interesting. He is modern, urbane, and in whatever he attempts he is sincere. Nevertheless, many of his poems are not poems so much as an intellectual attempt to present a mood.

EDA LOU WALTON

Notes on Fiction

Come in at the Door. By William March. Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. **$2.50.**

To Messrs. Faulkner and Caldwell's gallery of hysterical and libidinous Southerners William March in his second book has added three full-length portraits worthy of note: Bush, an amiable white man, deserted now and then by his prostitute wife, who finds escape by having the symbols of his frustration tattooed over his body; Mitty, the hero's Negro nurse and mistress to his father, who practices voodoo with exquisite horror; and Baptiste, a mulatto from New Orleans, the subject of Mitty's curse. Compared to these the hero, Chester, is secondary. Chester starts out well enough, and the story of the childish blood-guilt which pursues him all his days begins to grow into a likely motif for the history of his life, but halfway through the book the author lets the motif wither, with the result that Chester and his story have a weak and confused ending. Mr. March has none of Faulkner's melodramatic and strained style, nor has he Caldwell's brutal humor. His style is less individualistic and has a natural conventionality that makes the parables interrupting the narrative seem senseless affectations. His prose is ready, and besides the feats of characterization he displays a sentiment, a toleration for his characters in marked contrast to the eternal struggle so many contemporary novelists wage with the figments of their imaginations.

Twice Shy. By D. M. Low. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Low's novel is expressive in certain parts rather than articulate as a whole. This is possibly due to the absence of a protagonist, unless one may apply the term to the Austrian woman who is smuggled into the book in the opening pages and has her cramped moment of pathos and human expressiveness when she reappears somewhat fugitively toward the end. For the most part the novel is taken up with exhibiting parasitic expatriates of the type that in Huxley and Hemingway is habitually revealed sipping absinthe in Mediterranean resorts and cosmopolitan capitals and pursuing perennial courtships. Norman Douglas was the first and perhaps the most genial modern exponent of the light-hearted attitude toward love, which in the hands of many of his successors has become a weariness of the flesh. Henry James's cosmopolites were something quite different again, since their loves and their dreams of magnificence were still earnest and passionate. But what can one say of characters like these in "Twice Shy," in whom every appetite has become so impoverished that their spiritual strife is only the ghost of a conflict and the shadow of an illusion? These exiguous lives are a half-hearted plot to cheat destiny, and it does not work out very well—a conclusion of which the "sophisticated" novelists are becoming increasingly, if still rather fumblingly, conscious. Witness Hemingway's incoherent effort in "A Farewell to Arms" to manipulate a new kind of heroine. Meanwhile, the more sophisticated novels one reads, the more one is able to appreciate an author who has been constantly reproached for his want of sophistication. When people stop talking about D. H. Lawrence's morbidity, it may possibly become plain that his highest originality and most precious distinction lie in his having given us some few characters, like his Lost Girl and Lady Chatterley, who at least did what they did without keeping their fingers crossed.

Mostly Canallers. Collected Stories by Walter D. Edmonds. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

Mr. Edmonds has staked out as his fictional homestead the country of the Erie Canal in the old days when it was a route for horse-drawn boats through a pioneer region, before it became the modern, industrialized barge waterway. He has saturated himself in the history of the country and has revived with what seems to be exceptional fidelity the men and women who made the Erie Canal the rough, romantic segment of American civilization which it was. Mr. Edmonds, only just turned thirty years of age, now collects twenty-four short stories which he has finished, along with three novels—"Rome Haul," "The Big Barn," and "Erie Water"—since first he became seriously interested in writing in Harvard University. He introduces a motley array of individuals into "Mostly Canallers," but they are veracious characters, not conventional types, and his narratives present atmosphere, drama, and human nature. Of the twenty-four selections in the present volume twenty have been published previously in magazines and eighteen have been included in Edward J. O'Brien's compilations of "best short stories." That is a remarkable record, but will not seem undeserved to the discriminating reader who delves into this collection.

Drama

Chronicle Play

EMOTIONS need an outlet and most persons respond in some habitual way to any new-found enthusiasm. Some write a letter to the *Times* (or *The Nation*), others instinctively compose a sonnet, and still others organize a meeting of protest against the outrage they are sure to discover somewhere in the background. Sidney Howard, on the other hand, happens to be a man who thinks naturally in terms of the stage. Whenever the temperature of his interest rises above a certain point he writes a play, and if the subject sometimes happens to

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be one a bit rebellious to such treatment, it can nearly always be said, at least, that he made a better play out of that particular material than anyone else could have done.

All this being the case, it is easy to imagine the genesis of "Yellow Jack" (Martin Beck Theater). Mr. Howard read Paul de Kruif on Walter Reed and yellow fever, he was seized with a generous enthusiasm for the heroes of science, and he could no more resist writing a play about it all than you or I could resist doing whatever lesser thing it is we usually do when we discover a new enthusiasm. The result is a tour de force consisting of a continuous, multi-scened chronicle in which the whole history of this particular scientific achievement is presented in vivid, perspicuous terms. There is the drama of the laboratory, the more "human" heroic comedy of the four volunteer guinea pigs, and there is also a running lecture on the technique of bacteriology. Few other writers could have given any sort of unity or even any tolerable degree of continuity to a play composed of such elements, but the very least that can be said of Mr. Howard is that he has somehow succeeded in holding "Yellow Jack" together, and that it is frequently very interesting indeed.

To me a comparison with "Men in White"—a far less original and more conventional play—seems inevitable. At first glance everything might appear to be in favor of Mr. Howard's piece, the intellectual content of which is obviously incomparably richer. It presents important, relatively little-known facts. It deals less with the picturesque surface of medical technique, more with the scientific significance of what is being done. In a word it actually conveys to the audience solid, highly relevant information. And yet I am not sure that all this is not really an indication of the weakness of "Yellow Jack" and of the strength—as a play—of "Men in White." The latter is conveying an emotional attitude toward the work of the medical profession; the former is, primarily, conveying information about it. The point is not that emotional attitudes are more important than information. The point is that information can be conveyed in various ways and that, all things considered, a work of art is not the best way of conveying it; whereas a work of art is not only the best way of creating an emotional attitude, but actually the only way in which such an attitude, with all its intangible subtlety, can be communicated. Mr. Howard introduces a good deal of drama and a good deal of comedy. Both are, nevertheless, in the nature of excrescences upon his work, or, if that is too severe, then, at best, incidental "relief"—lollipops offered to the members of the audience as a reward for being good children and attending to their lesson. What Mr. Howard is really most interested in saying has already been said in the de Kruif essay. What "Men in White" is trying to say could not be said except in fiction of some sort.

"Yellow Jack" is actually most engaging when it is least informative—except about human nature. By far the best characters are the four sharply individualized soldiers, and I am sure that I, for one, will remember longer than anything else the sentence which one of them quotes as the traditional formula for getting along in the army: "Keep your mouth shut, your bowels open, *and don't volunteer.*" What a philosophy that is! The more I think about it the more capable it seems of profound general application, and the more deeply I am convinced that I have never heard a more complete philosophy of life compressed into a sentence. Seriously, moreover, the phrase illuminates the whole question at issue. It is unmistakably literature because it includes implications and overtones and echoes which no simple expository phrase could possibly manage to include within itself, and which would evaporate if any attempt were made to explain them one by one in an essay. It is literature because it conveys, as an integrated whole, an idea, a judgment, and a temperament.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Films

"Death Takes a Holiday"

NOT having seen the play on which it is based, this reviewer is unable to say how faithful the picture "Death Takes a Holiday" may be to its original source. But there is such a striking disparity between the manner in which the principal characters are made to act throughout and the statements that they are made to utter at the end that one is justified in the suspicion that the sensibilities of the American public have once again been spared at the expense of consistency. Everything in this story by a modern Italian dramatist, who *has undoubtedly been much influenced by Pirandello, is quite* clearly a working out of the idea that love is an identification with death, that love *is* death. From the very first moment the young Italian girl is shown to be less interested in her earthly lover than in the mysterious shadow which beckons to her from the garden. When Death arrives at the villa for his three-day holiday, disguised of course as a handsome young prince from some vaguely foreign land, she is already ripe for annihilation. Her infatuation is immediate and complete. And, at the end, despite the appeals of her family and unfortunate fiance, she vanishes with him into darkness. She does not depart, however, without expressing some muddled and wholly unexpected sentiments concerning the conquest of death by love, without introducing, in other words, a motivation for her action that is altogether new and quite unrelated to the theme of the play as a whole. The reason for this sudden injection of the love-is-greater-than-death motif is easily enough understood; the conception of love as annihilation, while it may be a fireplace motto for readers of Proust and Mann, is still a bit strong for the healthy American palate. Such a melancholy foreign notion must therefore be eradicated from any film that hopes to reach the great American public even if, as happens to be the case here, the whole structure and meaning of the film depend on such an idea.

This final cancelation of the theme in "Death Takes a Holiday" would be less regrettable if the film did not include so many excellent qualities of Hollywood production at its best. The acting is much above the average: Evelyn Venable is altogether perfect as the young girl and Fredric March does remarkably well with the difficult title role. The picture illustrates, among other things, the considerable progress that Hollywood has made within the last year in the use of special lighting effects for securing or reinforcing emotional moods. Also responsible for its total effectiveness is the constant exploitation of the symbolical values of the setting, a magnificent Italian villa of the baroque period. The magnificence of the great stone staircase, the marble statuary, and the ornate furnishings is made to seem terrible and depressing, the formality of the garden even sinister, in the light of the situation. In the last scene a memorable bit of pictorial symbolism is achieved: Death, again garbed in a flowing black robe, stands at the top of some steps in the garden; the girl, also dressed in black, ascends to meet him; then, gradually, the two black figures melt into one and dissolve into the night. This is a kind of effect which we get only on the screen; and because "Death Takes a Holiday" is full of such effects it deserves the attention of anyone interested in the current screen.

In "Spitfire" (Radio City Music Hall) Miss Katharine Hepburn has been supplied with what is usually termed, in a not very complimentary tone, a vehicle. As a vehicle for Miss Hepburn, however, it has the disadvantage of emphasizing what is her chief limitation as an actress, an insufficient variety in the use of voice and gesture. Her role of hoydenish mountain girl given to alternate fits of physical violence and fanatical praying, is too simple in itself, and too simply written, to force any extension of the rather limited range which she has so far exhibited on the stage and screen. More than anything else at this point in her career Miss Hepburn is in need of the discipline which a really difficult role under the direction of some very exacting director would require of her.

"Ariane" (55th Street Playhouse) is a poorly assembled product from the British studios, with Elizabeth Bergner and Percy Marmont in the leading roles. What it would seem to prove is that the films are not a good medium for the elaboration of psychological relationships of the more tortured modern variety. Undoubtedly, there must have been much delicate analysis on the part of Claude Anet, who wrote the novel on which this picture was founded, to indicate the precise development of the incredibly one-sided love affair that is represented as taking place between a middle-aged English globe-trotter and a very young Russian emigrée in Paris. But so far the screen has not discovered the visual equivalent for intellectual analysis, and the result of its attempting to reproduce novels and plays in which this element is paramount can only be a mistake. It is pleasant to see Elizabeth Bergner without so much make-up as she is required to use in "Catherine the Great" and to watch her triumph in another of those scenes in which she inspires male jealousy by telling lies. Perhaps the essence of our pleasure in watching these scenes consists in our knowledge that the actress is acting *inside* the role that she is acting in the play. And it is no wonder, in view of the rarity of even good straight acting on the screen, that this kind of acting-within-acting seems such a feat in Miss Bergner's two pictures.

WILLIAM TROY

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH says

AH, WILDERNESS! Guild Theater. O'Neill's nostalgic comedy about a youth who discovers love and poetry together. Made doubly effective by the performance of George M. Cohan.

BIG HEARTED HERBERT. Biltmore Theater. J. C. Nugent and Elisabeth Risdon in a broad but funny farce about the taming of a self-made man.

DODSWORTH. Shubert Theater. Sidney Howard's impressive and deeply moving dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel. Brilliantly acted by Walter Huston and Fay Bainter.

MARY OF SCOTLAND. Alvin Theater. Helen Hayes and Philip Merivale give fine performances in Maxwell Anderson's play. The biggest dramatic hit of the moment but one which left me a little cold.

MEN IN WHITE. Broadhurst Theater. Fine teamwork on the part of the members of the Group Theater helps to make this play about a young doctor one of the things which must not be missed.

PEACE ON EARTH. Civic Repertory Theater. Propaganda play about the next war, in which the workers strike and a young college professor gets framed for murder. Drawing special but enthusiastic audiences which evidently do not agree with me that the play is quite uninspired.

SHE LOVES ME NOT. Morosco Theater. Mad doings at Princeton which involve the efforts of some high-minded students to rescue a not too innocent maiden in distress. Much the funniest farce of the year.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS. Avon Theater. Spicy and more or less historical comedy about a young Austrian who finds bundling one of the pleasantest of the new freedoms in Revolutionary New England.

THE SHINING HOUR. Booth Theater. What happens to a quiet English family when love puts in an unexpected appearance. Delightful comedy and the best of the recent offerings.

THEY SHALL NOT DIE. Royale Theater. Vivid summary of the Scottsboro case. Brilliantly done but as painful as it is powerful.

YELLOW JACK. Martin Beck Theater. Reviewed in this issue.

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